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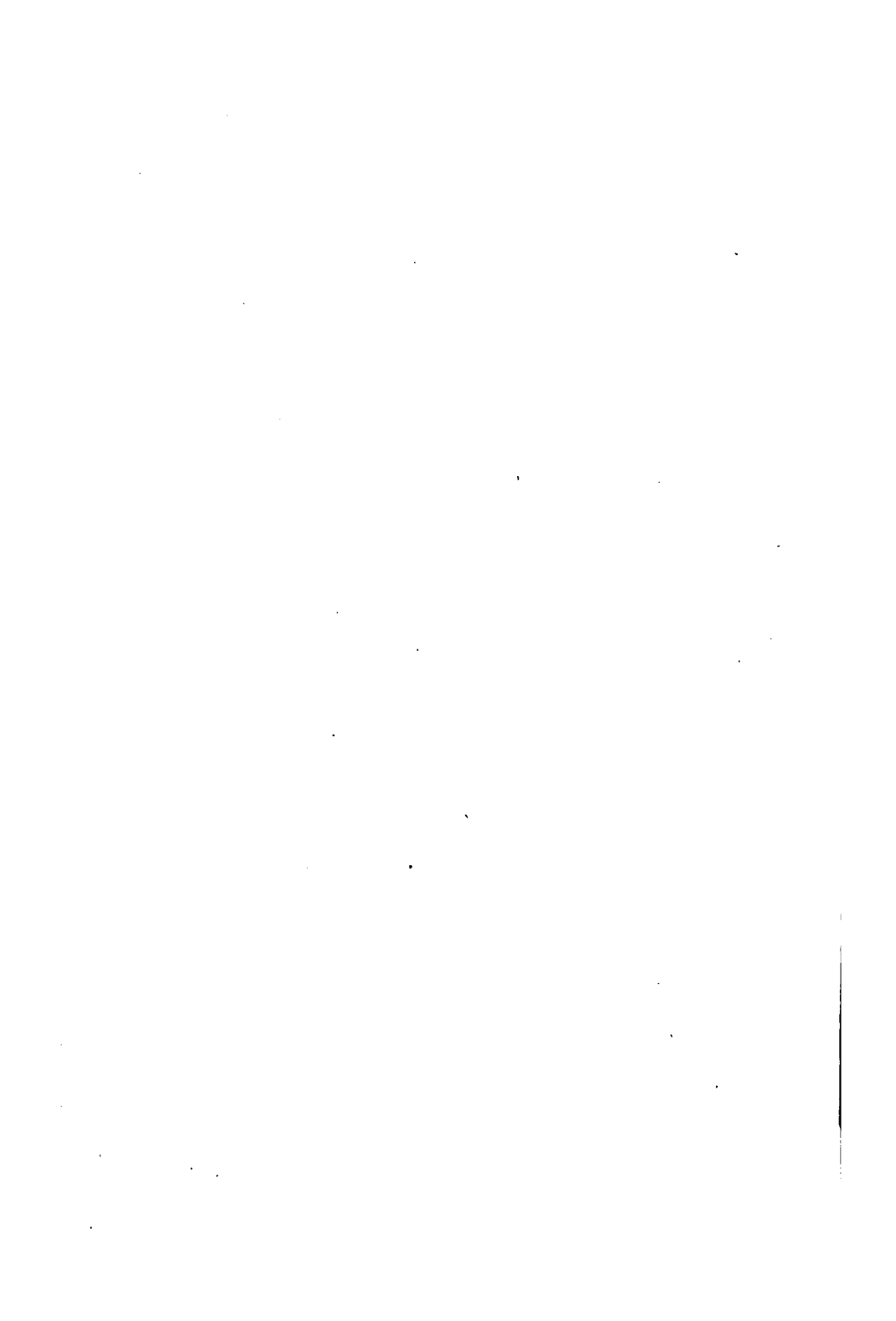




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BYGONE DAYS.

VOL. I.

BYGONE DAYS

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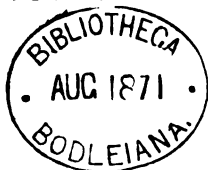
An Old Man's Reminiscences of His Youth

BY WILHELM VON KÜGELGEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

RICH in almost everything, German literature is incomparably rich in autobiographies. If German autobiographies are chargeable with the customary German sin—prolixity—it ought not to be forgotten that when the record of a man's life is written by himself the chief charm must be in the fulness, the variety, the minuteness of details; and that an autobiography where all is meagre outline cannot be much more suggestive or interesting than a prospectus.

It is not an obtrusive and obstreperous vanity, such as the French have so often been accused of, which leads so many Germans to chronicle, for the entertainment and edification of mankind, their own career; but partly a love of writing for writing's sake, partly and far more the devout desire to delineate home-scenes, experiences of the inner life, extraordinary

events, in which the hand of a good God has been recognised and adored.

In Wilhelm Von Kügelgen's reminiscences herewith presented to the English reader, German autobiography assumes its most attractive aspects. We are taken into the very heart of German existence at one of its most troubled and memorable periods, immediately before, during, and immediately after what the Germans call the War of Liberation—that is to say, the war waged with Napoleon when the disasters in Spain, and the more tragical calamities in Russia had made him powerless to resist. Therefore, though the main fascination of the work is derived from the pictures of the domestic purity, sweetness, piety, and heroism, which have so long been Germany's strength, yet the delight is intensified by the spectacle of great national movements and great historical personages, and the more that there is a wise abstinence from dreary disquisition and sterile sermonising.

What is the exact place still held by Gerhard Von Kügelgen and by his twin-brother, Karl Von Kügelgen, in the temple of German art, we know not. The former has been praised for combining with idealised forms poetic composition and warmth of colour ; and

it is deplorable that he should have been struck down by a murderer's hand at the age of forty-eight. For the Emperor Alexander, Karl Von Kügelgen painted a Crimean gallery, a Finnish gallery, and published besides an account of his travels in the Crimea. He died at Reval, having survived his brother Gerhard about twelve years.

The son of a painter, the nephew of a painter, what could Wilhelm Von Kügelgen be but a painter? What he was, or what he might have been as a painter with the pencil, it would be idle here to discuss. Perhaps he failed from a predominance of what the Germans name the subjective, from sensibilities too tender, and from lack of ambition. How successful he could be as a painter with the pen, the English reader has now an opportunity of judging. His pages glow with life as the canvas glows when divine genius has enriched it with manifold marvels. Yet, as in all true life, moderation and proportion are as conspicuous as the plenitude of vigour. There is no attempt at display, there are no false ornaments—all is simple and natural. In truth, Wilhelm Von Kügelgen was too earnest about what he had to say to care about the manner of saying it. He wrote well because nobler studies than that of

style occupied his soul; and though even from the most indifferent this book is sure of a cordial welcome, it is kindred hearts that it must specially enchant.

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GERMAN EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

OUR present literature—of course I do not allude to erudite literature—is in a singular situation, which has often struck me when I compare human life therewith. To state the matter in all brevity: posterity would do our age supreme injustice if it were to judge the mental, the spiritual potencies, or even the poetic capabilities of the age, by what the market of fine, of fashionable literature can display. And the reason of this may be found in the fact that our age is so earnest, is so devoted to the great questions of the Church, of the State, and of society. It is now almost exclusively persons of a light temper and a frivolous tendency that occupy themselves with poetry, and with productions intended to amuse, and who fill with their names the chronicles of the newest literary developments; while many men, in truth, incomparably more gifted—men who in epochs with a pre-

dominantly literary direction, such as that from 1770 to 1820, would have been the ornaments and the heads thereof—these men in the stern, the resolute strivings of the time,—their field often being a municipal corporation, or a county congregation, either of them demanding all the energies of the conscientious worker,—do not succeed in turning to account talents of another order.

In other cases it is probably the want of ambition and obtrusiveness, which hides a light under the bushel, except for the nearest circles.

A hidden light of this kind is the author of the following autobiography—a writer, so to speak, for the first time after death—but in whom no reader can fail to see how much he would have had the stuff for a writer in life.

Of what appeared under his name while he was living nothing is known to me, except a clever little book entitled "Three Lectures on Art," published at Bremen in 1852.

As a mere contribution to the history of the period, these pages would deserve publicity. The social life of a culture-epoch which lies immediately behind us is mirrored so faithfully and livingly in them; so many distinguished persons and remarkable events come

before us ; while the highest interests of the human heart are touched, and as they throb and thrill must find in many sympathetic souls responsive vibration. But the most alluring, the most striking characteristic of the book, must be sought in the manifested power of an intense, an instinctive humourist ; for true humour is ever like the blue of the heaven and the blue of the ocean—the shining of what is deep through the playful element. And the humourist beautifully animates the smallest things, and retains for the world of childhood an exceeding simplicity and freshness of glance, and of emotion. In this respect the book may be compared with the youthful reminiscences of Bogumil Goltz ; and I leave the reader to decide to which of the two the superiority should be assigned.

I have such confidence in our German nation as to believe that, spite of the rush and roar of the streets, the book—and especially among the “still ones in the land ;” and I do not limit the designation to persons of a sharp and decided creed—the book will find readers who know how to appreciate it, to pierce into its deepest meaning, and to find joy therein.

That in his last years I had the good fortune to know the deceased, a man noble alike in heart and

in head—and let his name, Wilhelm Von Kügelgen, here and forthwith be given—and that among his intimate friends I happened to be the one having the most numerous relations with the Press, these things made me editor. But my editorial labours did not extend beyond the literal, the verbal reproduction of the manuscript, which was written with artistic neatness. Seldom had I to make any alterations; and when I had to correct decided inaccuracies, it was merely an affair of letters. The places expunged did not amount altogether to more than a few lines. The only considerable blunder was in one of the early pages, where the Empress Elizabeth was confounded with the Empress Catherine.

When the particular sheet had been printed, I discovered that the author had committed one or two other errors. In the first chapter of the third part, the Count Karl Von Der Gröben is mentioned. The worthy count still lives, though he is very aged. He is a general of cavalry, and the possessor of various estates and dignities. That the count came into such relations with the Kügelgen family as are recorded, is unquestionable. But it was not the Hessian insurrection, it was the raid under Dörnberg to Lüneburg, in April, 1813, in which Count Gröben took part. However, the recollections of a boy of

ten years old are not to be accepted as infallible historical statements.

A remark I have found needful in reference to the first chapter of the fourth part. As the parents of the autobiographer occupy so large a share in his delineations, I draw attention as concerns the father to "The Life of Gerhard Von Kügelgen, narrated by Friedrich Christian August Hasse, with the Portrait of the Artist," published at Leipsic in 1824; and further state that the maiden name of the mother was Zöge Von Manteuffel. Of the father, on occasion of Kügelgen's visit to Weimar in 1809, Goethe writes: "Kügelgen, the excellent Kügelgen, in social intercourse so charming to every one, remained some weeks with us, and painted Wieland's portrait and mine from actual sight, and Herder's and Schiller's from report. The man and the painter were one in him; and therefore those pictures must always have a double value."

The life of the son, where the narrative stops, I have thought it right to complete by a very brief appendix, to which the reader who had gone so far seemed to have a claim; but in the lexicons containing the biographies of artists a more copious account can be found.

PHILIPP VON NATHUSIUS.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE	PAGE v
GERMAN EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION	ix

FIRST PART.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING.—THE HARM HOUSE.—THE SQUALLING CHILD. —THE KING'S PALACE	1
---	---

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE THE SEETHOR.—THE GATES OF PARADISE.—HALLUCINA- TIONS	17
--	----

CHAPTER III.

THE COMET OF 1866.—DOMESTICS.—AN OLD BACHELOR.—OTHER FRIENDS	32
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

	PAGE
OUR MOTHER.—I FALL AMONG THE GIRLS.—A GLANCE AT OUR FATHER	47

CHAPTER V.

INCREASE.—THE JOURNEY TO THE NORTH.—THE HAMLET.—THE BIRTHDAY	60
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

THE AMTHAUS.—THE SICK-CHAMBER	82
---	----

SECOND PART.

CHAPTER I.

THE IMPERIALISTS	98
----------------------------	----

CHAPTER II.

WHETHER HERR SENFF WAS A SAINT.—INSTRUCTION.—AMUSE- MENTS. — CURIOUS DIVERSIONS. — THE POTTERS. — THE SPEECHLESS ONE	104
--	-----

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN A PLEASURE JOURNEY.—THE PARSONAGE GARDEN.— ERUDITE DISCOURSE ON THE MORITZ CHURCH.—LORCHEN.— THE FOOD-SLEEP AND THE FIRST CORPSE.—MY SECRET.— THE HARTZ JOURNEY	129
--	-----

CONTENTS.

xvii

CHAPTER IV.

	PAGE
THE COMET AND MARGRETHE.—NAPOLEON	168

CHAPTER V.

SMALLER NOTABILITIES.—CHRISTIAN INFLUENCES	170
--	-----

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEWS OF THE BOOT-CLEANER.—THE EXPLOSION.—THE RUSSIANS	186
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRUSSIANS AND THE TWO STUDIOS	204
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

GOETHE	210
------------------	-----

THIRD PART.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAHN ACADEMY AND CANNONADES.—THE RUSH BACK . .	219
--	-----

CHAPTER II.

CELEBRITIES.—MOVEMENT OF THE MIND AND THE FEET . . .	230
--	-----

CHAPTER III.

DISTRESSES AND TERRORS.—A CHILD-MURDER AND ITS RESULTS.— MY FATHER IS NOT DISPOSED TO BE SHUT UP AND SHUT IN	246
---	-----

BYGONE DAYS.

First Part.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING.

FOR the Rhineland, the concluding years of the eighteenth century were of the most eventful kind. Under the terrible blows of the French Revolution the pillars of the old system and structure of states began to tremble; disorder and chaotic conflict filled the beautiful land, and many a man who there had his natural home became an alien and a fugitive.

This was my father's fate. From Rome, where, as a painter, he had ended his studies, he did not return to his Fatherland; on the contrary, in consequence of a friend's invitation, he preferred going towards the north. There, in Reval, he became acquainted with my mother, won her hand, and went with her to St. Petersburg, where he found employment in abundance.

Of this marriage I was the second child—my parents not long before my birth having lost their first child, a daughter. From the statements of my mother, and from pictures still existing, it appears that my sister was an angelic little creature, possessing that sweetness to which a brief existence is prophesied. She was buried in the rural churchyard of Pawlosky, and on the small grave my parents placed a cross, with the name, "Maria."

But the memory of her was not buried with her; she still lived as brightly in the heart of her mother as if she had never died. Far more, however, than the memory of her lived: the spirit of the departed was supposed to come as the dispenser of blessings into the circle of the family; at least, my mother often said that, soon after the birth of her younger children, a form all of light had appeared, and shone round and saluted the new-comers. This apparition had nothing analogous in the visible world; yet the mother recognised her deceased child. She had, as she thought, won by prayer the vanished one to be a guardian angel for the children who, by God's blessing, were to follow, and she never doubted that all her petitions to this guardian angel were heard.

Let this be as it may, my mother had, after the birth of my younger sister, a witness for her sweet creed, inasmuch as the waiting-woman, who alone was with her in the chamber, beheld the vision. Thus, then, there was often converse about her who had

gone from the earth, and I remember well that I many times abstained from wrong in order not to pain the angel who watched over me.

As a very insufficient substitute for this child of Heaven, I, on the 20th of November, 1802, was born at St. Petersburg; not, indeed, at the right time, for, according to my mother's programme, I came two months too early—a circumstance which possibly had a disastrous influence on my subsequent development.

On the 9th December of the same year I was baptized by Dr. Hammelmann, pastor of the St. Peter's Lutheran congregation. It is true, indeed, that my father was a Catholic, but completely indifferent to all the varieties of rite and of doctrine in the Christian world, he had, when married, shown no hesitation to promise to let all the children be brought up in my mother's religious faith. When the consecrated water fell on my little head, I clasped my hands together, to the great edification of my good mother, who herein saw an Amen to the prayers she had sent up to Heaven for me. I received the names "William George Alexander"—the last in honour of the young and charming emperor, who scarcely a year before my birth had ascended the Russian throne, and reanimated the hopes of all lovers of mankind in his dominions.

My father, meanwhile, conscientiously turning to good account his residence in the rich capital and the circumstances favourable to him there, had acquired in a few years a fortune which made him an independent

man. But at last, tired of drifting about and overwork, and heartily weary of the most burdensome kind of artistic activity, portrait-painting, he thought of enjoying the fruits of his industry, and in the first place of going with his family to the Rhine, to visit his mother, who lived in that region. Where ultimately he and his household were permanently to settle, belonged to the unknown, and circumstances must decide.

This was a good plan—not too vast, and not too small. But the parting from St. Petersburg was not without a pang. My father lived in a circle of the most distinguished men, among whom he could count many true friends. Above all, his twin-brother was bound in great tenderness to his heart, having from a brother's love followed him to the north. Now he must remain behind alone, he having been appointed painter to the Imperial Court, which kept him busy. It was, however, hoped that, if that good plan were to ripen, the severed ones must, in one fashion or another, be reunited; and in this hope my parents entered on their journey.

Thus it came to pass that, in a few months after I was born, I had to leave the place of my birth, and to begin travelling at an age when other children are just coming into the world.

THE HARM HOUSE.

We travelled to Esthonia on sledges, and arrived in safety at Alt-Harm, a property belonging to my mother's

father. Here we were to rest, not merely that we might wait for the more genial season of the year, but also to give my mother, who was much weakened and fatigued, and me, a feeble child, time to prepare for the further journey. For that purpose Harm was just the place. My parents dwelt here in a circle of numerous and pleasant kinsfolk, and remained much longer than they at first intended. Indeed, my father felt so powerfully attracted by the characteristic peculiarities of rural life in the region, that, to the exceeding joy of my mother and of her whole family, he formed the resolution to buy, on his return from Germany, an estate in Esthonia, there to live and there to die.

The plan of life was thus fixed, and as moreover the twin-brother announced that his prosperity would soon enable him to take part in the purchase, all looked delightedly to the future, waiting for the blessing of Him who guides the destiny of the whole human race.

In the Harm House everything had the aspect and the air of extreme simplicity. The walls were plainly plastered in white; the doors were painted green; the chairs were straw-bottomed. In the whole land curtains were a thing unknown. On the other hand, the house was spacious, and furnished to the numerous family, and to the whole household, not only every requisite comfort, but in its collections and workshops the most manifold occasions and means for occupation and amusement.

In effect, my grandfather, for the sake of his children's education and cultivation, had brought together teachers of the most various kinds, handicraftsmen, artists, and scholars, who all dwelt under his roof, giving to his house the appearance of a little academy. There was instruction in the different sciences and modern languages; painting, modelling, engraving, turning, joinering, tinman's-work, were carried on; and there was, furthermore, admirable music. The beautiful quartettes performed in the winter evenings by the family, long lived as a pleasant remembrance in the neighbourhood.

That he might add a charm to the somewhat desolate landscape, at least in the immediate vicinity, the owner had surrounded his lonely residence with an immense park, in which gardening supplied occupation, or hunting excursions offered the most diversified delights.

To prepare a surprise for my mother, my grandfather had placed on an artificial hill a stone urn, with the inscription—"Maria." Young firs stood all round. There my mother often sat in the sweet time of the year, enjoying the view of the broad meadows and the far forest. Speaking of those hours, she has often told me how, after long residence in the city, she delighted in the returning sun, in awakening nature, and in my growth, while I played in the dry sand at her feet. Perhaps these first unconscious impressions laid the foundation of an almost idiosyncratic attach-

ment to fire, to sand, and to nature in its most simple aspects, which has remained with me.

Under the best care and attendance, I had, though slowly, become a tolerably vigorous little fellow, when, after a residence of a year and a quarter, my parents determined to travel farther. Farewells were uttered, with the promise of soon meeting again; in two years at the furthest—so at least it was resolved. I already lay in the travelling-carriage on the breast of my weeping mother, when my grandfather came once more to the carriage-door, and thrust into my hand a small amber tobacco-pipe, which he himself had made for me.

“Take a good hold of it, my boy,” he cried, “and may you become a capital smoker.”

With a convulsive grasp I seized the pipe, and held it in my hand during nearly the whole of the long journey. I cut my teeth on it, and have kept it all my life.

My mother affirmed afterwards that my grandfather had bewitched me with smoking; and, indeed, he was a man who easily could have bewitched any one with anything. Not that he was what is commonly called an amiable person. On the contrary, he was blunt and abrupt; but so much the more winning and charming when his good heart succeeded in showing itself. But, in a certain measure, he resembled a crustaceous animal, whose bones are on the outside; and one had to know him intimately not to be offended by

the harshness and coldness with which he surrounded himself; even the love to his children was the last quality which they were accustomed to discover in their father.

Yet everything appeared to be lacking to him when any of those dear to him were absent, and till he could hope for their return. Then the most joyful hope made him move restlessly about the house; and if he thought he was not observed, he would often gaze with the telescope for hours in the direction of the road by which those coming were expected to arrive. But if he was fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of them, the excitement vanished, the hard shell again shut, and he was seen busying himself with some labour which suffered no interruption. Perhaps he was found casting bullets, or glueing something, or occupied in some other way; and when the persons expected entered, he had not a hand free to hold out to them, perhaps did not even deign them a glance.

It was seldom that his family had to wait, with longing eyes, for *him* after long absence, because he scarcely ever travelled. He liked best for people to come to *him*; and, in general, he lived so much like a hermit, and limited his companionship almost exclusively to neighbours and kinsfolk, that when he once had the fancy to take his seat in the House of Nobles at Reval, no one knew him, and every one asked who this Italian could be: for unlike his eminently fair countrymen, he had intensely black eyes and

hair, and a yellow complexion. His stature, likewise, was diminutive; nevertheless, he was a "devil of a fellow," as he himself said.

When still in the cradle, my grandfather received a consecration of a very peculiar kind. The Empress Elizabeth was travelling at the time through her Baltic provinces; and, among other places, she passed the night at Waiküll, the property on which my grandfather's parents resided. The exalted lady found so much delight in the little plump "devil of a fellow," that she raised him high up in the air and gave him a hearty kiss on an unmentionable part,—a distinction of which he was very proud, and of which no one, probably, but himself in the whole Russian Empire could have boasted.

This, however, was not the only distinction the Empress bestowed on him; she placed among the swaddling clothes of the enviable baby a commission of ensign in the Guards, so that at eighteen he could enter his regiment as captain. But he soon left the army to enter on the possession and administration of the family estates, which had come to him through the death of his father. He now married my grandmother, a beautiful creature, soft in nature, and child-like in piety, conducted his affairs with skill, and took an active interest in his husbandmen. Diligently he visited them; keenly watched their management, succoured them by his counsel and by his deeds, yea, when it seemed needful, following Peter the Great's

example, he carried a stick under his arm, and used it in the most autocratic manner. The result was brilliant: the Harm domain was soon distinguished above others by order and prosperity; and the owner thereof did not merely enjoy the boundless trust of his immediate dependants, but, far and wide, stood in the highest esteem of nobles and peasants alike. Of this, the following circumstance affords a proof.

About ten years before the end of the last century, the peasants in several parishes had risen in insurrection, had gathered in bands together, and had already burned some noblemen's seats. The house at Harm was filled with neighbours who had been compelled to take flight, and who hoped to find protection in the general respect felt for the owner. When, nevertheless, the mob of incendiaries marched towards Harm, demanding that the fugitives should be given up, my grandfather, as prompt and wise action was urgently needed, mounted his horse, and rode, alone and unarmed, towards the furious rabble, and at his word—he must surely have bewitched them—the peasants dispersed, and went back to their villages. The regiment of Cossacks which arrived next day had nothing to do but to apprehend and punish some of the ringleaders.

THE SQUALLING CHILD.

Our grand German journey was accomplished in a double-seated straw-coloured close carriage, which my father had purchased at the sale of the effects of an

English ambassador who was leaving Petersburg. The travellers consisted of my parents, of me, and of my nursery-maid, a Harm girl called Leno, who was placed on the box. Of this journey I have, naturally, no remembrance; but probably, as far as Berlin, it was not very agreeable, for the inns and roads were both bad, and the region so unattractive that my mother could not understand why the Russian criminals were sent to Siberia, and not rather hither, seeing that Prussia was so near. Possibly also I, the little insignificant mortal, did not contribute much to the pleasures of the journey, for I screamed and wept not a little; and the continual attention which had to be bestowed on me was the consummation, the crown of the general discomfort.

If I am not mistaken it was at Landsberg, on the Warthe, where we one evening arrived in a tolerably desolate mood and condition. A fierce tempest raged on the deserted plains; my father was tired of his seat in the carriage; my delicate mother was greatly exhausted; Leno was so sleepy as to be in danger of falling from the box, and I, spite of my amber pipe, must have been tortured by toothache, for I howled like a jackal, and refused to be comforted.

It seemed, therefore, very desirable that we should pass the night in this place, and the post-horse keeper was applied to for a quiet room. He, however, declared, expressing at the same time his regret, that the only disposable apartments had been taken possession

of by a stranger, a gentleman, and that there was not in the place any inn that could satisfy the most moderate requirements.

Thereupon there was a lively discussion, and my mother had already resolved to be satisfied with what accommodation she could find in the general room allotted to travellers, when the stranger, accidentally informed of the matter, presented himself in person, and in the most obliging fashion offered his apartments. He asseverated that he had no pressing or particular wants, and that a chair would satisfy all his needs.

During this discourse my mother had become attentive, and the stranger had not quite concluded what he had to say when, to the alarm of my father, she exclaimed "Heinrich!" and threw her arms round the stranger's neck. She had suddenly discovered her younger and tenderly-loved brother, who had finished his studies abroad, had travelled a long time, and, after an absence of many years, was returning to the Fatherland.

Sleep and rest were not now to be thought of; but the need of them was no longer felt, for the joy of meeting was itself a sufficient refreshment. The whole night through there was the liveliest conversation, during which my father painted a portrait of his amiable and charming brother-in-law, whom he here saw for the first and last time. It is an admirable likeness, and is still in my possession.

"If Heinrich had been of a less chivalrous character," my mother wrote home, "we must have travelled past each other unrecognised, unrecognising, though we were under the same roof."

At the time this would have been all the same to me, and to Leno too, for we were both thoroughly unacquainted with what had taken place. I had soon been sung to sleep by the faithful maiden, and as she, greatly fatigued, had also paid her tribute to nature, it was not astonishing that, towards morning, I with a frightful noise fell out of bed. There was now a great uproar. I cried in the wildest fashion. I was carried crying to the carriage; and I cried the whole of the following day till we came to Berlin, where my father's intimate friend, Friedrich Gentz—afterwards celebrated as a political writer—received us as guests. That I was an acceptable addition to the joys of his home I must doubt; for, spite of repose and the most tender and attentive care bestowed upon me, I screamed without intermission, so that the windows rattled. My parents, much alarmed, could think of nothing else than that I must have broken one of my limbs; but Hufeland, when called in, declared that this screaming did not come from the fall, but from teething merely; and the declaration was speedily confirmed, for next day three teeth, one by one, broke through. This put an end to much trouble, and allowed the journey to be continued.

THE KING'S PALACE.

At last we safely arrived at Rhense, on the Rhine, and at the residence of my father's mother, the old Wackelburg—for so, by the people, was her abode called. Within its walls, in ages gone by, the German kings, according to tradition, resided, and on its territory stands the famous Königstuhl.* As soon as I saw the Rhine, enchanted I suppose by the great stream, while the others were embracing each other, I with outstretched arms rushed towards it. The good Leno sprang after me, and saved me at the risk of her own life.

Of that period I know absolutely nothing. My grandmother possessed vineyards, gardens, fields, and forests. Hither and thither went the members of my father's family and his relations; eating and drinking, singing and playing, filled the hours. Rhine parties were got up, and to see old friends such excursions were extended as far as Mainz and Cologne. Moreover, my father copied for his own use about twenty old family portraits which were in the hall of the Wackelburg; while my mother, with childlike and humblest submissiveness, strove to entertain and to comfort her beloved old mother-in-law.

About perhaps three-quarters of a year we passed

* An artificial height, to which twenty-eight steps led, where the Electors were in the habit of proclaiming their newly-chosen Emperor.
—*Translator.*

in this fashion at Rhense, when my grandmother fell sick unto death. She had always, up to this time, been extremely healthy, and my mother was surprised at the quietness and resignation with which she now looked death in the face. When she was very weak and hastening to the end, I placed snowdrops on the bed. She held out her hand to me, and said—"We meet again in Heaven, Wilhelm, do we not?"

With unthinking haste, I replied—"Yes, grandmother."

I trust that my Redeemer has placed his fiat on this contract.

When the strength of the dying woman was completely exhausted, she seemed to wish to fall into a soft sleep. Then the priest, who, according to the custom of the Catholic Church, was uttering the prayers for the dying, shouted repeatedly in her ear with the harshest voice, "Do you still understand me, Frau Kammerräthin?" whereby my grandmother was startled from her slumber, rendered incapable of either living or dying, and thrown into such painful disquietude that her death-combat was prolonged for twenty-four hours. The impression made by this bigotry and barbarity remained with my mother all her life, and she was in the habit of saying that when in the presence of the dying we should abstain from every sound, even loud weeping, and that it was cruel to disturb death.

My father was not a witness of the scene. He had

taken a journey to Paris, to examine the treasures of art gathered together by Napoleon, when the news of the serious illness of his mother summoned him back. On arriving, he found her dead: and as, apart from this bereavement, his native region, through the rule of the French, and still more through the French sympathies of the people in the Rhine provinces, had become distasteful to him, he resolved to spend the remainder of his residence in Germany at Dresden, whose treasures of art attracted him.

Having settled what related to the heritage with the other children of my grandmother, my father, with the members of his own household, took his departure. We lingered some time at Schangenbad, whereby my mother was benefited, and at Weimar, where interesting acquaintances were made. Of all that, I know from personal recollection nothing. I merely remember a time when I had some consciousness of the total impression which that journey made on me, especially of the dull rumbling of the closed carriage; also a feeble but very pleasant image remained to me of my departed grandmother, which was afterwards effaced.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE THE SEETHOR.

IN Dresden my parents rented the first-floor of the Lepmann House, which was situated outside of the Seethor,* in the "Half Lane." This "Half Lane" was so called, in effect, because it consisted only of one row of houses, which afforded an uninterrupted view of the gardens opposite; and my mother, who had been brought up in the country, and who disliked city noises, felt happy in the midst of these pleasantly rural environments. The owner of the house, the widow Lepmann, carried on farming, had horses, cows, swine, and poultry, whereby the farm-yard was for me a source of immense enjoyment. The farm-yard led to the garden, which was cut in twain by the Katzbach, a narrow but deep water. On the near side of the water vegetables grew in abundance; beyond the water were seen meadows, fruit-trees, and thickets. Joining the garden-wall, with elder-trees as its garniture, was a summer-house; and close to it was a little

* A Dresden gate or gateway.

gate which led into the fields, and then beyond to the heights of Reknitz and Plauen.

The whole still stands before my mind in the most enchanting light, as if it had been a true paradise. And so indeed it was. Yes, verily, it was the beautiful Garden of Eden in which I dreamed the morning dream of my earliest childhood.

My first tolerably clear remembrance begins with the 20th November, 1805, on which day I was three years old. When I opened my eyes in the morning, there gleamed before me three small wax-lights, which stood round a magnificent cake on a table that had a white table-cloth, and was adorned with ever-greens. Close to the cake lay all sorts of pretty things, of which I remember a Noah's Ark and especially a picture-book, the most conspicuous ornament whereof was the traditional German figure of the watchman with his halbert and lantern. The rapture I felt made, no doubt, the memory of that great moment indelible. My mother saluted me warmly, and said that this was my birthday. Then she washed me, parted my hair carefully, and dressed me. To the open vest was laced a pair of wide trousers, which were open at the back and provided with loops. Covering all was a Turkish spencer with short sleeves. The shoes I wore had buckles. Such was the complete attire which in summer left neck, breast, and arms exposed.

Nothing in the world is so pleasing to children, in what may be called nursery care, as the mother's atten-

tions. To me, at least, it was a supreme delight when my mother dressed me or put me to bed—which as a rule she did, at all events as long as I was the only child. At a later period I had to be contented with getting such services performed for me by a nurse, who was called Frau Venus. The illustrious name of Mrs. Venus, however, she by no means bore from any resemblance to the goddess, but simply because her deceased husband was called “Herr Venus.”

Frau Venus was a worthy widow, and was sometimes visited by her two sons; who, though considerably older than I, were willing to play with me. “The other young fellows,” as I called these two in contradistinction to myself, were my first friends. I admired their strength and intrepidity, and I liked to appear in the street in their company; but as they advanced in age, I lost sight of them.

Nearer to me soon stood another boy of my own age, with whom I thenceforth daily played. His mother was the widow of a clergyman in the Erzgebirge,* of the name of Engelhard, who had lost his life in the snow when travelling in winter on professional duty. The widow had taken up her abode, like us, in the Lepmann House, and she kept herself and her son by straw-plaiting.

My friend Ludwig Engelhard appeared to me in every respect a superior person to myself and “the other young fellows,” because my mother always held

* A chain of mountains between Saxony and Bohemia.—Tr.

him before me as an example. I became cordially attached to him, and we got on pretty well together. I only remember one dispute I had with him, and it ended in an affair of fisticuffs. And assuredly it was provoking when Ludwig asserted that his father, if alive, could easily have vanquished mine—my father being to me my ideal of strength and dignity. Ludwig, somewhat crestfallen, went to his mother; but my mother pictured to me so touchingly the wrong of which I had been guilty, and was so skilful in awaking my tender emotions, especially by representing to me how terrible it was that the father of the poor boy had perished in the snow, that I, led by Leno, went in penitent mood to the apartment of the Engelhards, and begged pardon for my violence. From that time we were better friends than ever; and indeed there are few truer friendships than those in which wounds have been inflicted, then healed, and followed by atonement and reconciliation.

In the summer-time we played in the yard and in the garden, our guardian being Leno, and afterwards Frau Venus, when Leno was promoted into the kitchen. In winter my mother's chamber or the adjoining nursery was the scene of our frolics. Here we set up the treasures of the Noah's Ark, played at coaching, romped, and, what gave us intense pleasure, here we "schindered." This "schindern" is a Dresden expression, which, as well as the whole thing itself, Ludwig taught me, and signifies gliding on the ice—

sliding. But in the nursery there was no ice, and we, to the great annoyance of the nurse, had, by vigorous sliding, so smoothed and polished one of the boards of the floor, that grown-up people could not without danger venture near it. This plank we called the "schinder," and in my mind's eye I still see my friend Ludwig sweeping splendidly along thereon, with glowing face and flying hair. In this fashion, before I had ventured on the ice, I learned to slide—just as in French swimming-schools swimming is taught without water.

THE GATES OF PARADISE.

When we played in the garden, frequently a third one joined our confederacy; namely, a small, bare-footed fellow of our own age, the son of the gardener. He was called Fritz Pezold, and acquired importance for me through the following circumstances.

One fine morning Frau Venus, I know not how, happened to be absent; at all events, she was not watching us as usual. We meanwhile, with some children of the neighbourhood who had joined us, amused ourselves with gathering together withered leaves, and throwing them over the rails of the little bridge into the Katzbach. Then we ran about thirty paces farther down, where a narrow plank was placed over the brook at a deep spot, for the use of those who came to draw water. Here, stooping down, we could catch the small golden ships we had thrown in. With

what zeal we carried on our work, and how we shouted and grew hot, every one can imagine who has himself been a little boy. I had hastened before the others, and was bending with delight on the slender plank when it turned over, and I fell head foremost into the water. The frightened friends fled, vanishing through hedges and ditches, going whither they had come, and I gave myself up for lost.

Not so thought Fritz Pezold. At the moment I was sinking he sprang forward, put his foot resolutely on the plank, plunged his arm down towards me, seized me by the hair, and shouted loud enough to burst his lungs for his father to come. He kept my head just above the water, and no more, and I expected every moment to be drowned along with my friend, for the frail plank kept dancing up and down like a swing.

Nevertheless, I remember very distinctly that I had no terror; rejoiced, on the contrary, to go at once to Heaven and meet my dear sister Maria. I am inclined to believe that I had already swallowed a good deal of water, and was half dead; for I remained in a completely passive position, and made not the slightest effort to save myself. But this I know right well, that my mind was in the same state as that of children who, on Christmas Eve, in a dark chamber press toward the door: "It will open immediately, and the tree will stand in all its glory."

Meanwhile the gates of paradise were to remain shut

to me; and the cherub who hindered me from entering was Fritz Pezold. Fritz's wild cry—enough to pierce one's brain—at last reached the ear of his father, who, like a demented being, with enormous bounds, rushed over his beds of vegetables, and pulled me out. Dripping and covered with black mud I hung in his hands like a dead little mole when he brought me to my parents.

Whether this escape from death was a fortunate thing for me or not, I do not pretend to decide. Certainly, at least, Fritz Pezold had very rudely violated my mother's rule; for not only had he uttered a loud cry over a dying person, but he had seized that person by the hair. Assuredly, however, my mother was not indignant thereat; on the contrary, she rewarded the good little boy to the utmost of her power; and his heart and mine long remained faithfully bound together.

HALLUCINATIONS.

In riper years persons of the same age have the most enjoyment when in each other's company; but this is by no means the case in childhood. At that age there is too little giving and taking on the part of friends; therefore children are most disposed to cling to grown-up people, whenever they find these inclined to reciprocate the attachment. This inclination was shown to me by two excellent persons, who were inmates of the Lepmann house.

It was a great advantage of this house that some of our best friends dwelt with us therein—and not merely small mortals like Ludwig Engelhard and Fritz Pezold, but persons to whom even my parents had reverently to look up. I name first of all him who afterwards became celebrated as a natural philosopher, Gotthilf Heinrich Schubert, who, as a young married man, was with his wife and his young daughter, Selma, residing for a period in Dresden. Schubert lived in the floor above us, and, from the daily intercourse of the dwellers in the house, a friendship arose which continued to the grave, and in which I also had the pleasure of sharing. Any one who knew that exceedingly amiable philosopher, especially in his younger years, can readily understand how a little boy of a visionary temper must have clung to him. Often I sat for hours, with Selma, on his knee, listening to the marvellous stories with which he entertained us. Then he taught me to throw somersaults, or I rode upon his broad shoulders, and screamed with delight when he rushed with me through the garden.

A second inmate of the house, likewise a literary man, whom my parents had known in Petersburg, where at an earlier period he had resided as a teacher, was called Uncle Lais. Though still a young man, Lais, as an invalid, lived very retired. In his garret he was always to be found studying hard or writing for the journals. But in leisure hours or in the evening he sought recreation in our family circle, and

on such occasions I became the object of his special attention. He made fireworks, paper lanterns, kites, taught me to build castles with cards, to shoot with the cross-bow, and the like diversions. The best entertainments, however, went on when the cozy, comfortable winter evenings came. While my mother read, and my father modelled little wax figures of gods and heroes, Lais made for me out of pasteboard a knight's elegant coat of mail, which he adorned with silver paper, and which had a much finer appearance than anything that could have been bought with money ; in addition, sword and lance, and a wild hobby horse were furnished—and a very ungovernable brute the last, of course, proved to be.

Uncle Lais was in the habit of sending the young rider thus equipped, through dark chambers and passages, to the remotest regions of the house, to slay certain monsters that were supposed to lurk there. Then great was his joy when the victorious knight returned and gave a vivid picture of his adventures. Lais was inexhaustible in fresh inventions, which became for me the scenes and opportunities for fresh encounters.

My mother frequently, and for many reasons, protested and warned. The colossal fictions in which, as a young knight, I was forced to indulge, were to her seriously questionable. But, above all, she was afraid of a too early and too great excitement of the imagination ; indeed, she deemed every stimulating amuse-

ment hurtful to children. Lais refuted her reasons and reasonings, as a professed educator might be supposed to do. "He wished," he said, "only to kindle courage and strengthen the nerves;" and he maintained, "that the noblest thing in man, his creative genius, could not be roused into action too early, and that this could best be done in a playful manner and by playful means." Thus, then, our evening entertainments took their course, and Lais finally shared the fate of most of the learned pedagogues of his time, by obtaining and accomplishing the very opposite of what he had been aiming at.

As a valiant knight, I rode through the dark passages with the greatest boldness, because I knew that all was mere fun and sport, and that the foes I had to conquer did not exist; but my imagination was in such a state of unnatural excitement that nothing was needed but some great shock to make it completely diseased. Thanks to Lais, that shock I was not long in receiving.

When I one evening was returning from a bold expedition, and had to pass through a dark chamber, my mentor, Lais, burst suddenly from a hiding-place, leaping on all-fours, and grunting like a wild boar. He probably expected me to draw my sword and rush courageously at him. Instead of doing so, I stood the trial very badly, and was almost dead with fright. From that time I long remained as timid as a hare. I could not now venture into a dark room, and I

was unable in the evening to sleep, or even to stay in my bed, if no one remained near me. Yea, more—the noblest thing in man, the creative genius, was aroused as if by the stroke of a magician. The images of my phantasy took an objective shape; and often I saw myself surrounded by goblins and apparitions, which inspired the most intolerable terror.

The first spectral vision of this kind came from a plaything—a harmless little target, at which I shot with my crossbow. If I hit the centre, there rushed forward—let loose by a spring—a fierce little figure with grinning teeth and a blood-red tongue. Soon after that terrible hour, already described, I saw, when Frau Venus was undressing me, this monster rising up as large as life, and with menacing gesture, behind the window-panes of the bedroom. I shrieked and hid my face in the bosom of the nurse, who, not knowing what troubled me, carried me to my mother. Both of them had enough to do to tranquillise me in some trifling degree. From this moment, I dreaded the whole day the time of going to bed; for horrible phantoms, even in the presence of others, frightened me.

In relation to these things—never to be forgotten by me—is a night, the impressions and visions whereof float before my brain as vividly as when first they crowded on me fifty-six years ago. In the middle of the night I awoke and opened my eyes; the night-light had gone out, yet I could plainly distinguish the

outlines of objects. Close to me stood the beds of my parents, surrounded by a curtain in common, and forming a special sanctuary in the bedroom. Behind the curtain, which was half drawn aside, I could still perceive the features of my father, who was lying nearest to me.

Speedily I began to behold something very different. Under the bed of my parents were visible a stir and a movement, and, horror of horrors! an awful face appeared—that of a bear. Then followed a monstrous claw, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole frightful form of the beast of prey crawled forth. After him came other animals; and it was astonishing how, from the limited space under the beds, so many could rush. There were wolves, panthers, lions, gluttons, ant-eaters, badgers—indeed, the whole contents of my Noah's Ark had swollen to their natural size.

It was, however, a calf that made me most afraid. The animal approached my bed in an alarming fashion, and a grim purpose was manifest in its eyes. I longed to scream, but I dreaded to do so, lest I should make myself more conspicuous to the creature, and I remained quiet for a time. Soon, however, my anguish increased to such a degree that, thrusting aside all considerations of prudence, I blew a wild blast on the alarm-trumpet.

My excellent father toiled in general so diligently during the day, as to have the most urgent need of undisturbed rest. But on this occasion he did not

scold me—tried rather, in the kindest manner, to soothe me. I had been dreaming, he said, and that was all.

The detestable calf, however, gave him the lie: it came nearer and nearer, and glowered at me with eyes more furious than those of a calf. I shrieked again, and my father got out of bed to strike a light. For this purpose, as there were no matches in the bed-chamber, he had to go into the next room; and when I saw my father's figure in the scanty night-dress, stalking through the crowd of quadrupeds, I forgot my own danger when thinking of him, and passionately implored him to return.

Alas! not without cause had I dreaded, for my father's sake, the ferocity of the wicked brute. The calf sprang forward, and at the moment when my dear father put his hand on the latch to open the door, it made a snap at him, and bit him in two. The whole upper part of the body, with the shirt and night-cap, sank without a sound to the ground; the legs, however, escaped with immense agility through the door, which quickly closed behind them.

Forthwith I burst into the most violent grief, so that my mother, who had meanwhile got out of bed, clasped me in her arms to comfort me. But how vain were her consoling words! There, three paces from us, lay on the ground my incomparable father—bitten in two; and snuffled at by the victorious calf, which showed a strong disposition to swallow him

whole. My mother tried to argue this point; but against the evidence of the senses it is of no use to argue. We disputed vehemently, till at last the door opened, and my father, complete in body, and perfect in all his limbs, came in with a bright light shining all round him.

I never remember feeling such exquisite delight. In the brilliant gleam of the light the whole ghastly show had vanished. I had my beloved father once more, and sweetly fell asleep by his side.

Against the belief in ghosts, persons engaged in education are accustomed to advance that sensible perception is possible only when there are sensible objects, and that spirits consequently cannot be seen. Here, however, was a far greater miracle, for the spirits I chanced to see with my own eyes had no existence whatever.

What is the exact character, what are the true relations, of what we regard as the objective world—the world of substance, has never been, and perhaps can never be, determined. The old and very profound philosophy of the Indians, designates the whole complex of external, of corporeal things, by the word “*Maya*,” which simply means “illusion;” and as all religious, and most of the modern scientific systems, agree in believing that the universe has been created out of nothing, this is tantamount to saying, and the deduction is most legitimate, that from nothing nothing comes, unless it be “illusion.” Consequently,

the distinction between the calf that hangs up in the butcher's shop, and that nocturnal spectre which frightened me, consists only in this, that the first results from a universal, the other from a special, or in other words, a subjective illusion.

Let this, however, be as it may, it must in any case be admitted that the creative activity of that human mind, which is an emanation from God, has, in situations such as mine, broken through its accustomed and orderly confines. In a certain measure it works apart from the workshop assigned to it, generating a world void and recognised by itself alone. Long persistency in such activity is madness.

Meanwhile the great kindness of my parents carried me softly and safely over those dangerous reefs, and I afterwards remained wholly free from kindred aberrations of the creative spirit.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMET OF 1806.

IF I have spoken in the previous chapter of those of my own age, and likewise of the friends of the family, to all of whom I with a certain admiration looked up, it is now time for me to say something about one who, on the contrary, looked up to me ; and I have hitherto ignored my dear brother Gerhard only because I do not remember his entrance into the household. He simply rises up in my memory as a being without beginning, was there exactly as I was there, and seemed to be accepted as a matter of course, just like a categorical imperative.

Fashioned like one of the children Raphael was in the habit of painting, with strong limbs and full, round cheeks, he was about three years and a half younger than I ; but his development was much more vigorous and rapid. When he was ten months old, it was discovered that he could walk, and without any previous training. A stranger, who on account of his size thought him two years old, after holding him in his

arms for some time, and finding him getting heavy, put him, without saying anything, down on his feet, and the terrified mother, who thought he must fall, was much astonished to see the sturdy little rogue marching bravely along.

The birth of this brother, moreover, was like the advent of a war-bringing comet. In the May of the year 1806 he had seen the light of the world, and already in the October of the same year the warlike events of the time made their first shock felt at Dresden.

It was a beautiful autumn day when my father took down his air-gun, and went into the garden to slay sparrows and other outlaws among the birds, which he often did. He was a great shot, not less with the gun than with the brush, and though he fired nothing but ball, he seldom missed his bird.

On this day, however, no birds showed themselves ; therefore it was resolved to leave the garden, and go into the fields, where crows were sometimes found. Quietly and cautiously we crept through the little door in the wall and looked all round. Crows were nowhere to be seen ; but something far different claimed the attention. My father listened ; then he lay down on the grassy ridge, and with his ear to the ground seemed trying to discover some secret. Naturally, I imitated him, and felt, rather than heard, a trembling of the ground—a dull, rumbling sound, which was periodically renewed.

"That is the roar of cannon!" said my father, shouldering his gun and going to my mother.

It was a grand momentous battle, whose wrathful voice of thunder we had heard from afar—the battle of Jena. Soon the result was known in Dresden, and plunder menaced the frightened population, in the form of a corps of Bavarians now marching to the city.

My parents did not regard themselves as safe in their much-exposed dwelling, and hastened to hire fresh apartments in the heart of the Altstadt, or Old Town, close to the Kreuzkirche.* I was with my father, who in the new house received and put in order the things despatched by my mother. As, however, in the general anxiety and confusion little attention was paid to me, it was not astonishing that I suddenly vanished.

My father thought that I had run back to the old home; but when he did not find me there he ordered the carriers to seek for me, and he himself, full of alarm, ran through the city in every direction. In truth, his perplexity and pain could not but be great. I was exposed to serious danger; the removal of the goods was brought to a pause, and Hannibal was at the gates. If my father was therefore disposed to box my ears soundly we cannot be much astonished thereat. When, however, he at last found me in the New Market, singing vigorously and clapping my hands

* One of the Dresden churches destroyed by bombardment in 1760, and afterwards rebuilt.—*Tr.*

with delight at the chaotic mingling and movement of cattle and men, he began to laugh, and pardoned me my desertion.

It turned out, however, to be by no means unfortunate that the removal of the things had been delayed by this incident; for it ultimately became altogether unnecessary. The Elector of Saxony had in effect entered meanwhile into alliance with Napoleon, and the expected Bavarian cavalry rode into the city peacefully.

About that time Uncle Lais had made me a present of a puppet in the costume of a Bavarian Uhlán, very complete and very pretty, besides being fully armed. But my father permitted me to slay this puppet, as a friend of the French, and lent me his sword-stick for the purpose, with which accordingly the puppet was cut to pieces. To my exceeding astonishment a large quantity of bran streamed from the wounds. The occurrence was celebrated in a picture my father painted at the time, which represents me and my brother as large as life—that brother whose advent into the world I remember not. This picture is still in my possession. My brother appears sitting on a cushion and pressing to his breast a little toy lamb, which was his delight. I, on the other hand, am seen standing behind him holding an enormous sabre, and resolved to slay the Bavarian.

DOMESTICS.

It seemed as if at that time my excellent father strove by a redoublement of zeal and toil to calm the wrath with which the sad fate of his German Fatherland tortured him; for almost contemporaneously with that picture he executed several large academical pieces, the universal admiration gained by which placed him in the first rank of the artists of his time. As standards of taste he made use of the extremely rich Dresden collections, in which he trained and sharpened his eye; and when he felt the need of nature, a young and very handsome man belonging to the Grenadier Guards served as model. Him, also, I counted among my most intimate friends. He was called Falkenberg, and as he showed himself both discreet and devoted, he was, so far as military duties permitted, employed in other things, and was a kind of general domestic.

This Mars pleased me exceedingly on account of his agreeable face, his scarlet uniform, his brightly polished arms; so that I always rejoiced when, sent to take a walk, I was entrusted to him. On such occasions he took me in the kindest way by the hand, and, trotting nimbly by his side, I was proud of my magnificent companion, who told me funny stories, taught me to throw stones, and to circumvent sparrows with salt. Less pleasing to me was his habit of wetting his fingers and washing me as a cat washes its kittens, when he saw my hands or face dirty. But when I

complained of this to Leno, with whom he had fallen in love, she appealed to him so earnestly that, duly repenting, he desisted from the abomination.

Soon after showing me this kindness the excellent maiden departed from our house never to return. Leno, as a serf, my mother's father gave to his daughter as a birthday present. My mother carefully trained her for her position, and always regarded her as belonging to the family. And, indeed, in inherited serfdom there seems to be a bond resembling the relation between kinsfolk. With us she was most comfortably placed, and even if she had not been so, she was in Saxony always able to break her fetters; for she stood there under the protection of a law which did not recognise slavery. Also, she suffered from no lack of friends, who any moment were ready to share wealth and life with her; for not merely Falkenberg wooed her—which, perhaps, is not saying much—but a couple of respectable handicraftsmen, who worked for our house, repeatedly applied for her hand.

Strangely enough, she rejected every matrimonial offer, and had only one grand thought and desire, namely, to return to Esthonia, where again she must become a serf, and where she had no relations, for as a fatherless and motherless orphan she had come to the Harm Estate. Leno, however, had become homesick, and seemed as if about to be overwhelmed by that yearning which mocks all reason, and which is so much the more violent the less of substantial cause

lands of wild and
only the Swiss,
the Kamtschadales,
who among us, in
of home-sickness,
most uncongenial lands.
are remarkable for
influences and associa-
as Denmark is for
universe, the all, and
The Esthonian calls
signifies "The Land"
the word, the Land of
no other name than the
Books.

to Germany with the
only a short time, and
belonged, yet the idea of
has been given up. My
a considerable measure
journey back to Esthonia
conversation. Yea, my
maker, Eule,—who was
car and coach-builder, and
of the Seegasse,—to trans-
carriage into a coach with
space for the increas-
in Prussia compelled him to
period the projected journey.

Leno, with the worm of home-sickness gnawing at her heart, had, like the others, had a glance at, and a trial of, the carriage, which was now yolk-coloured. She had mounted the box, and her whole face was radiant as if she were already gazing into "Me"—Esthonia—the Land of Lands. But when my mother announced to Leno that the intended journey could not forthwith be accomplished, Leno seemed crushed in her soul, in her whole being—was overwhelmed, indeed, by the deepest grief. It could scarcely be less painful to my mother that her own most cherished wishes were disappointed; but she submitted to necessity, while, at the same time, she found a remedy for Leno's woes.

My parents held intimate companionship with a Livonian family called Löwenstern, that had a country house at Priesnitz. When we went to see them, there were all kinds of amusements—little boating parties on the Elbe, illuminations in the garden, fireworks, and the like things, which to me were a great delight. To the daughters of the house I was an object of special attention. They were comely young girls, who crammed me with sweetmeats and played with me. With them I remember to have seen one evening a singular phenomenon. It was already dark, when we from the terrace of the house observed, far below us on the Elbe meadows, lights darting about—six small flames, which, sometimes in pairs and sometimes rushing apart, flitted joyously

hither and thither, and with a rapidity as great as that of men when running. "These are will-o'-the-wisps, and they can often be seen here," said the maidens. They also explained the thing to me as well as they could, and spoke of "fixed air," at which expression I could not help laughing excessively; but this at least I understood, that fixed air was a thing apart. Unless I am mistaken, these were the first and the last will-o'-the-wisps I ever saw in my life.

The Löwensterns saw themselves compelled, spite of war and rumours of war, to return to Wolmarshoff, their ancestral seat in Livonia, and as Frau von Löwenstern was at a loss for a waiting-maid, it was natural for my mother to offer her Leno. It was only, however, as a free maiden that my mother was willing to place her in the hands of others;—much to Leno's surprise, therefore, she received when departing a letter conferring on her in all due form her freedom.

That there are cases where the fulfilment of our most earnest wishes gives us the bitterest pain I had now an opportunity of seeing, for the poor maiden wept bitterly when she left our house, and I and my mother wept also. Falkenberg, carrying Leno's luggage, accompanied her to the abode of her new mistress. He took every opportunity of seeing her till she departed. Then he got drunk, and in rage and recklessness threw a rotten pear in the face of the sentry at the main guard-house; and for this folly he had, to my regret, to suffer flogging and imprisonment. Fortune, how-

ever, favoured Leno in her native home. She remained only a short time with the Löwensterns, and married a prosperous German citizen in the small town of Wolmar, with whom she lived happily.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

The legal preparation and presentation of the aforesaid letter of manumission had brought my parents into contact with a man who, with his whole family, was soon classed with the best friends of our household. This was the Hofrath Näke, head of the Dresden court of law, a good and honourable man, much esteemed in his official position. Of him the following story was told. At an earlier period of his life Näke had been justiciary in Freiberg, had long been a bachelor, and from the experience he had gained in matrimonial disputes, had formed the resolution to remain a bachelor. "How is it possible," he thought, to "bind ourselves blindly for our whole life to something we do not know, and which strictly considered we have not seen? For that Love makes blind even the heathen knew. And well were it if we remained blind; but unfortunately our eyes are opened, and we find our dove changed into a vulture that devours our liver."

Now it came to pass that this excellent man was on a Christmas Eve coming out of church. A cold snow-storm was raging in the streets of Freiberg. It was almost impossible to see, almost impossible to breathe; therefore Näke wrapped himself as well as he

could in his furred cloak. As, with his thoughts not fixed on any particular subject, he was struggling against the blast, it chanced that his glance was free for a moment from the storm and the ice ; and then he perceived a little maiden who was miserably clothed, and, whirled round and round by the storm, was in the most helpless state. The maiden had her hymn-book under her arm, had wrapped her hands in her apron, and seemed striving in vain to fight against the blast. Hundreds of churchgoers swept without pity on ; our friend, however, who spite of his eccentric notions on the subject of marriage had a good heart, dashed forward, threw his cloak round the maiden, and half led, half carried her to the remote abode which she indicated to him. The maiden was so completely pierced and paralysed by the cold that she could scarcely speak ; but Närke felt her thanks upon his hand, which she passionately kissed.

How sad that the poor thing should thus be frozen on the holy Eve ! The good-hearted lawyer sent her at once as a Christmas present a mantle and a cake. Then she came next morning to pay her thanks ; and a strikingly pretty maiden she was, and besides so trusting, and neat, and modest, that Närke, who entered into a long conversation with her, formed the resolution to give the most generous succour to the orphan, who living with indigent relations suffered many privations and tribulations. With the relations he soon came to an arrangement, and they joyfully gave their

consent when he proposed to adopt the maiden as his daughter, to place her in the house of respectable people with whom he was on friendly terms, and to take on himself to care and provide for her thenceforth. From that time Näke saw her daily, conducted her education himself, and became so warmly attached to the girl, who clung with unbounded love and reverence to her benefactor, that the thought of ever being separated from her became intolerable to him.

There was no way of preventing the separation but one, and that he embraced. When his adopted daughter had grown up, Näke thrust away his old bachelor's prudence and made her his wife. He never repented doing so, for she became the star of his life, and taught him the possibility of happy marriages.

When my parents became acquainted with him, Näke was an old man ; but his wife was in the vigour of her years and yet handsome, though she had five children who were nearly all grown up, two daughters and three sons. The circumstance, moreover, that the second son, who was very gifted, and whose name was Heinrich, had devoted himself to painting as a profession, increased and intensified the relations between Näke's house and our own.

OTHER FRIENDS.

On the whole, the period now spoken of was, as to social relations, one of the most agreeable in the life of my parents. In easy and unembarrassed and supremely

cordial fashion they held intercourse with the most distinguished and interesting persons, in general visitors, who resided at that time in Dresden; and how worthy they were of such companionship is proved by the circumstance that almost all with whom they came into contact remained their friends ever after.

Among others, I name the celebrated Adam Müller, who in conjunction with Schubert and Böttiger delivered the profoundest and most edifying addresses to fashionable audiences; the amiable theologian Köthe, Schubert's most intimate friend; the gifted Rühle von Lilienstern; the geologists Moritz von Engelhard and Carl von Raumer; the morose traveller Seume, whose habitual abode was Leipsic, but who regarded the journey from Leipsic to Dresden simply as a walk, and who went on foot faster than the post.

Besides these very famous men, I remember, as belonging to that time, other less known friends, of whom it is enough that I mention two—the sculptor Ulrich, who became notorious through a singular adventure, and the philosopher, Dr. Wetzel, who was remarkable for the most fantastic singularities of every kind.

Ulrich, who was fond of spending the evening at our house, and quite as fond of staying late, had the habit, when he went at night through the deserted streets, of whistling a favourite air like some blackguard apprentice, and indeed of whistling it so

loud as to rouse the inhabitants dwelling near out of their sleep. One evening late, when he was lounging homeward, whistling obstreperously after his fashion, and passing along the street called the Schlossgasse, a strange event occurred to him. Suddenly a somnambulist fell on his head, or rather into his arms, which he involuntarily stretched out. He was hurled to the ground. Next day, when he was lying ill, he said it was as if he had been struck by a bombshell—with this difference, however, that neither he nor the shell burst. An unfortunate maiden had quite innocently been walking in her sleep, had chosen as the scene the roof of the house, and the noise made by Ulrich's whistling awoke her, and she fell headlong.

Let us glance now at the philosopher Wetzels. He, if I am not mistaken, was introduced by Schubert, and his peculiarities wore to my mother an exceedingly questionable aspect. The study of old German was beginning at that time to be very popular, and Wetzels deemed it needful to mould back to its historical beginnings our modern speech, which he considered exceedingly degenerate. It was time, he declared, to make free anew the distinctive genius of the idiom of the Fatherland; and in this reform every one he maintained, must give to others a good example. He therefore often expressed himself in a manner as un-German as Von Tronje Hagen or the musician Volker, and he was disinclined to allow others to employ the current modern mode of speech. If, for instance, any one spoke

of the sun in the feminine, he immediately struck in with the protest that this heroic star was originally, and according to a purer fashion of utterance, called *Sunno*, and was of the masculine gender—that to transform the sun into a woman was preposterous, and that we ought to say “The *Sunno* shines,” using the masculine article.* Not less offensive to my mother was it that Wetzel never gave to his excellent wife any other name than *Henne* or Hen, or to his nice little daughter any other than *Forelle*, or Trout. He, on the other hand, affirmed that our common Christian names were exceedingly stupid, and had no meaning whatever. When you said *Amelia*, *Charlotte*, *Louise*, *Fanny*, *Balthasar*, or other names, you neither had nor conveyed any definite or suggestive idea. Names, he argued, must designate—must to a certain extent be pictures; and when he called his own wife *Henne*, every one had a faithful image of her nature and occupations; as, furthermore, his daughter was a real *Forelle*. My mother thought all this, from *Sunno* down to *Forelle*, tasteless and absurd, and was therefore continually skirmishing on the subject with the learned gentleman. To my more tolerant father it seemed doubtful whether it was not right to leave every one at liberty to express himself as he thought fit, and to give his children the names he liked best.

* The German name of the sun is *Die Sonne*, with the feminine article for the feminine noun. Wetzel proposed instead, *Der Sunno*, with the masculine article for the masculine noun.—Tr.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR MOTHER.

MY beloved mother, of whom Wetzel said that she should not be called *Helene*, or Helen, but rather *Laterne*, or Lantern, because she was transparent and shining, was at that time healthy and youthful. When I recall her as she was then, I have before me a young, admirably formed woman, with noble features, bright eyes, full of soul and mind, and an immense abundance of the most beautiful fair hair. She was of the middle height, her body was exquisitely proportioned, her disposition and demeanour simple and truthful, her judgment excellent. She had received a very careful and complete education, her information was unusually comprehensive, and her many-sided culture enabled her not only to appreciate the advantages of good society, but to excite and to animate the conversation of the distinguished men who were visitors at her house.

This, however, was accompanied by so much feminine reserve, that very few of her guests suspected

the whole fulness of her intellectual wealth; and even the most intimate friends were scarcely aware of her brilliant artistic gifts—of which, as being regarded by her as pre-eminently masculine, she was almost ashamed. Her beautiful sepia sketches, which she had drawn for her amusement when a girl, and mostly from her own ideas, adorned the walls of the bedrooms and nursery, which were entered by none but the inmates of the house; and on the harp or piano she played before her husband and her children alone.

Our dear mother aspired to no other glory than that of a good wife and parent. With her children she honestly and ceaselessly occupied herself, and neglected nothing which seemed fitted to promote our culture as human beings. On this account she diligently studied the most famous works on the subject of education; from which, however, she probably obtained little that was useful, for a tolerably clever and intelligent mother knows untaught how to educate her children; if not, it is impossible for her to learn either from Campe or Pestalozzi. She is likely, on the contrary, to derive from this uncomfortable and unrefreshing reading what is infinitely disastrous—namely, a diseased intensification of anxieties, far too great before, by becoming acquainted with every imaginable foe of the youthful mind and the youthful body—a legion of devils for ever rushing to the assault, to defend her children from which the strength of the best mother is unavailing.

What, however, my mother was able to do, she nobly did. She taught us to clasp our hands in prayer; she led us to the most conscientious love of truth; never deceived us even in jest or play; and, above all, she never allowed us to be idle. To increase the charm of amusement we were, from earliest childhood, instructed and accustomed to work—that is, we had daily to devote some hours to so-called useful occupations, such as winding thread or yarn, lace-making, rag-picking, and other irksome things. And, in connection herewith, I recall with special delight a little tube of ivory, made by my grandfather himself, through which the yarn ran when wound, and of which, as a reward for extraordinary skill, I was allowed to make use, the common tube employed for the purpose being made of boxwood.

These useful occupations took, naturally, a more intellectual character, according to the degree of our intellectual development. My mother taught me to read according to the phonetic method, and before I had attained my fifth year I was able to surprise my father on his birthday, by reading one of Gellert's odes. Writing, counting, reckoning, were likewise taught, and a small beginning was made in geography.

If I had done my tasks, and my mother was well pleased with me, she went with me to a cupboard which contained much that was precious, and took this thing and that out of it—the favourite of favourites being her beautiful English box of paints, which

had the appearance of a book, and contained the very nicest utensils : an ivory palette, a pair of silver compasses, a parallel ruler, a measure, and a collection of the most brilliant colours. Of these my mother selected such as she wanted, and rubbed them on the palette, while I drew as near to her as I could, and watched the series of graduated tints on the white ivory. Then, with a light hand, she sketched an animal, a soldier, a landscape, and allowed me to colour them. Oh, how, above all, I delighted in gamboge, first when it was rubbed, and then and still more when it was used. I employed it in excess ; and for this I incurred the censure of my mother, who liked moderation to be observed in all things.

In her character and conduct my mother was always the same. It was not in her nature to show the tenderness which she cherished in her heart. She never trifled with me, never allowed any improper conduct of mine to pass unrebuked ; but she never terrified me by caprice and violence, and she always gave me the persuasion that no one in the world loved me as she loved me. As supreme reward for extraordinary excellence on my part, I could indulge the hope of being kissed by her on the brow ; and this recompense had such immense efficacy that my father, the moment he entered the room, always saw when I had received the kiss.

Very seldom my mother inflicted punishment, but she invariably sought to bring me to a sense of my

guilt; and she was such a skilful preacher of righteousness and repentance, that I felt ashamed, and was immediately inclined to beg forgiveness. For this mode of treating me I feel grateful at this very hour; for it taught me to extirpate everything lurking in my conscience which could be fatal to frankness of character. If any of my sins had to be more earnestly atoned for, I was tied for a brief hour, or more, to the leg of a table or a chair. My chain, it is true, consisted of nothing but a linen thread; yet so great was my respect for my mother that I never dared to tear it. Even if visitors came, I was still kept bound. Sometimes, according to the measure of my offence, my mother fixed on my head a pair of long ass's ears, made of stiff note-paper, and even during dinner and supper I had to keep them on.

When my excellent father came home to dinner or supper, he saw these Midas's ears with still less trouble than the rewarding kiss; and on such occasions he was in the habit of giving to his noble features such an expression of pain, that it always pierced my soul. In one instance, when he appeared with his head bound up on account of toothache, that expression moved me to tears. My poor father! He was suffering pain, and in addition he had to witness the sin and shame of his son! I could not eat a bit, though there were yeast dumplings on the table made according to the genuine Bavarian receipt. My mother, however, allowed the ass's ears to remain.

I FALL AMONG THE GIRLS.

I was never flogged except for violent insubordination. Yet, if I remember well the affair in all its relations, the punishment by stripes was tolerably fruitless in one instance, for precisely by means of it I accomplished the very thing I wanted.

For reasons wholly unknown to me, my mother deemed it right that I should be sent to a public school when I was in my fifth year or thereabouts; and singularly enough it was to a girl's school that she gave the preference. It is possible that the intimate acquaintance with the vices of little boys which she had derived from the books on education she had read, may have given birth to the otherwise inexplicable plan: at all events, the resolution was taken. I was not consulted on the subject, and knew not well what was in store for me, when one fine morning my mother thrust a carefully wrapped up lunch into the too narrow pocket of my trousers, took me by the hand, and left the house. She could thoroughly rely on me, for I was probably the most obedient child existing at that time in Dresden.

That school or private institution was in a lofty and gloomy house in the Seegasse. It was in the hands of a certain Mamsell Class, who was extremely intimate with the Hofrätthin Näke, and by her was recommended as a suitable person. Already on the stairs, which, according to the Dresden fashion, were

as dark as pitch and unspeakably dirty, the affair began to wear a questionable aspect, and I proposed, but proposed in vain, that we should turn round and go back to our bright and beautiful house in the suburbs. When we entered the school-room, and I saw so many girls who, like their instructress, had their hair arranged in short curls, and who almost devoured me with their eyes, everything around me seemed to swim in a mist: I felt horribly miserable, and I passionately implored my mother to take me back with her. Meanwhile, Mamsell Class took me up in her arms, caressed me, addressed me in Saxon; and during this scene my mother had vanished.

What further designs were to be carried out I cannot say; it is enough to state that the instructress gave me playthings, and whilst I at a side-table swallowed my tears, and built a small group of farm buildings, Mamsell Class went on teaching the girls. So far all proceeded tolerably: I took matters as they were, adapted myself to the time, and was at last so familiarised with my position that I made an attempt to pull out my lunch; but the effort failed. During the brief noon interval, when Mamsell Class had left us for a time, the little girls laughing and squalling crowded around me; yea, they fell upon me as the priestesses of Bacchus fell upon Orpheus; they struggled with each other to get possession of me, and the one that was successful in seizing me, caressed me and kissed me. I sprawled out my limbs like a

dung-beetle which is held in the hollow of the hand, struck and pushed with legs and arms, till the instructress entered and the riot ceased.

It may herefrom be seen that I was still a stupid little fellow, and without any appreciation of the great goodness shown me; for, no doubt, all these girls were animated toward me by truly kindly feelings. The girls I have never forgotten; they have left such an indelible impression that I still retain deeply stamped on my memory the countenances of several of my little tormentors.

When my mother next morning wished to transport me to this Turkish harem, I declared very decidedly that I was determined not to go. My mother addressed me in the kindest way, and with the most convincing reasons; then she spoke to me very sternly, very earnestly; at last she commanded me to follow her, but I would not stir from the spot. Altogether confounded by my obstinate and refractory mood, she brought forward coercive measures, and asked me which of the two I preferred, to go to school or to receive a "product of rods," as she expressed herself, that is to say, a certain number of lashes. By this movement she lost the game. A glance in imagination at the many little girls in school and at their endearments did not allow me to hesitate. I chose the "product." That might duly "impress," as they say in Dresden; yea, if I remember well, it "impressed" me beyond expectation; but compared

with the execrable girls' prison, it could not for a moment be regarded. I was now free, and my mother never placed again before me a similar alternative.

A GLANCE AT OUR FATHER.

My father was the direct contrast to his wife, even in outward appearance. They were both handsome people, as the words are generally understood. But while my mother completely represented the North he completely represented the South; for he was swarthy, with black hair, very dark brown eyes, and his narrow face, beaming with intelligence, reminded the beholder of Spain.

To the outward appearance corresponded the inner difference. Our dear mother, incessantly active, doubtless, and with a heart full of warm sympathy, was yet of a predominantly contemplative and critical character, applying her standard to herself, to others, and, above all, to her children. My father, on the contrary, eminently productive, and not at all fastidious, could, occupied with his own creations, easily overlook what was dark and disagreeable in men and things, and was, as a rule, satisfied with every one who did not tread on his toes. Thus he was prompt and prone to pardon the sins of his little children, and did not show much inclination to take into earnest consideration the abnormities of our conduct, or the causes and consequences. It is true that when he felt worried he some-

times vigorously interfered, but less for our benefit than for his own repose. In general, he seemed to look at our transgressions only from the ludicrous side, and to his genial mind, with its strong feeling for the comical, it must often have been a hard thing to assume, out of complaisance to my mother, that sorrowful face of which I have spoken. Nevertheless, we children had a reverent respect for him, abstained from annoying him, and obeyed his smallest word. Our relations toward him were merely an education of another kind.

In truth, if arbitrary ways in the education of children could be adopted, it might be asked which plan had the advantage, that of my mother or that of my father. I, however, enjoyed the benefit of both plans, and consequently ought, in any case, to have got on well. But into education far other elements enter, namely, the outward circumstances of life, which we cannot create, and which often influence disastrously where they at first appear eminently favourable.

My father, as an artist, was highly gifted, and his iron industry, interrupted by nothing, even by illness, had procured for him from his early days an eminent degree of public recognition. In addition, he was a man of the rarest goodness of heart, and of a manner so fascinating that, spite of his fiery temperament, wherever he came friends and admirers thronged around him. The Elector of Saxony perhaps excepted, my father appeared to me the most distinguished and

venerable man in the Saxon capital, and when he showed a livelier interest in me than usual I felt greatly honoured.

Thus, for instance, I was exceedingly happy when, as an exceptional thing, I was on my birthday allowed to keep my father company in his studio. There I beheld splendid and notable things of every kind—statues, pictures, engravings, old bones, lay figures, singular implements, picture-stands. I could watch my father working, and ask as many questions as I liked; or my father gave me something to amuse me. Then I seated myself cross-legged on the floor, like a Turk, and played with articles of value, or turned over leaf by leaf the most beautiful collections of engravings; my favourite being those of Chapron from Raphael, a work which resembles the biblical objects which it reproduces, in being able to attract and satisfy children and the wise.

Adam and Eve, Noah's Ark, the histories of the patriarchs and of Moses, those very old yet eternally new things, filled me with sympathy and astonishment. The most memorable of all to me was God the Father floating above the terrestrial globe, not merely on account of this enviable ability to float, but because I strove to stamp on my mind God the Father's features, in order that I might know how he looked when I said my prayers.

There came to me once a very natural thought, which, as well as the following conversation, my father's

memory treasured rather than mine. I asked, in effect, how it was known that God made the world.

"Do you think," replied my father, "that the picture I am now painting could produce itself without my help?"

"No," I said; "you must paint it."

"Well, then, if so small a thing cannot be without a creator, how could the whole universe have risen of itself?"

I objected that somebody else might have made it. But my father maintained that the workman was always greater than his work. He, then, who was greater than the whole world could be no one else than the good God.

A glance at my picture confirmed to me the truth of these words; for, assuredly, God here filled a larger space than the indicated segment of the earth's circle above which he floated.

"But who," I asked further, "who made the good God?"

Then my father answered that God was from eternity, without beginning and without end. Thereupon my father turned round, and went on painting.

These words had an impressive effect on me. Without beginning and without end! I gazed more closely at my picture, and fell into a very contemplative mood. Then I cried, "It would be a fine affair, father, if we were to die, to go to Heaven and find no God Almighty there!"

For this speech my father called me a stupid child—certainly the wisest thing he had spoken—and the learned conversation was at an end. At a later period, however, when my father, through God's grace, had changed the spiritual convictions he at that time held, he confessed to me that my child-like idea, which flowed so naturally from his deduction, had much perplexed him, for it contained exactly what corresponded to his own hidden thought.

Fortunately our faith reposes not on wise deductions and conclusions, which, though they may confirm it, quite as often refute it, and, according to Kant, are nothing but paralogisms. A better testimony of his name God gives in manifold fashions, and just at that earnest time about which I am writing he had revealed himself in many men's hearts.

CHAPTER V.

INCREASE.

My childhood belongs to one of the most murderous ages in all history. While our little family in the "Half Street" exhibited a peaceful image of domestic bliss, the wide earth drank in streams the blood of her children, and frightful hecatombs were sacrificed to the ambition of a single man, before whose breath all life withered as the grass withers before the simoom of the desert. The German Empire, which had lived a thousand years, was shattered to pieces; Prussia and the Middle States had been trodden in the dust or made dependent, and Austria alone enjoyed independence, though it was of a very deplorable kind.

My parents suffered bitterly from these calamities; but we children did not feel them. We sat, warm and comfortable, in the maternal nest; and I remember that that terrible war seemed to me deplorable only because it was a hindrance of our journey to Russia. The peace of Tilsit opened afresh the prospect of accomplishing that journey. My father wished to be no

longer the witness of Germany's prostrate and ignominious condition. He wanted to take up the old plans again, and to travel as soon as it was possible.

The affair seemed now to assume a sad earnestness. The travelling carriage was again examined and attentively tested; my father put his pistols in order, and I cleaned with chalk my tin trumpet and the brass head of my whip—that things so important might not afterwards be a cause of delay! Meanwhile, there were always matters remaining to be considered. My father's professional tasks, which had to be finished, demanded additional time. Winter came on, and at last it seemed necessary, above all other things, to wait for an event, which was of greater importance than that journey, and was to procure me individually an acquaintance which began with brother's love, and to the present day exists as cordial friendship.

One fine morning I was up playing in the apartments of the Engelhards with my friend Ludwig, and was about to give the finishing puff to a fine specimen of the soap-bubble, when my father entered and summoned me. I could not, however, resolve to destroy the precious and ever-increasing beauty of colour of a work which hung on my breath, and therefore, by sounds through my nose and by signs with my left hand, I begged for delay, till I learned that from Heaven had come a little sister whom I was to salute. Then I allowed the soap-bubble to burst, and holding my father's hand I went down to my mother,

whose bed I softly approached, holding my breath. She stroked the hair from my brow and showed me the face of my sister, whom I contemplated with reverence, as something that had come fresh from the hand of God. This new sister surely knows, I thought, how it is in Heaven with the other sister, the blessed Maria.

Afterwards my brother was brought in to gaze at the novelty, and as night came on perhaps a holy spirit descended from Heaven, in order not to be lacking at the salutation the two brothers gave to the sister. Or, perchance, was that lovely apparition only of the same nature as the calf already spoken of?

Oh no! We cannot regard as a fable the old belief of the angels who watch over the cradles of children. It is true that our dull and distracted vision cannot, as a rule, rend the veil which covers a higher and interior nature. There may, nevertheless, be moments—and the Holy Scripture makes mention of them—when the existence of a finer corporeality beyond the grave is revealed, and flashes on our coarse organs as the pure bright silver bursts forth from the inert dross.

Any one who has, as my mother on that night had, a preternatural perception of the kind described, finds his soul intertwined with a holy band, which, like a ceaseless longing, draws it towards the eternal home. Here, at least, this was the case, for my mother thenceforth searched more earnestly than before for what is

needful to the souls of all men, and found first, through Herder, whose writings Schubert had recommended to her, insight into the infinite beauty of the revealed Word of God. Beauty, however, we love, and love easily teaches to believe. Thus my mother, and through her, we, were indebted to the excellent Herder for an incalculable blessing.

THE JOURNEY TO THE NORTH.

Our great joy in possessing a little sister might possibly have changed into pain, for my mother was seriously unwell, and only recovered very slowly. In these circumstances our physician, who was likewise our intimate friend, Dr. Pönitz, declared the Russian journey to be impossible, but recommended instead the use of the Radeberg mineral waters.

Now it came to pass that my parents had recently made the acquaintance of a family which was in every respect the counterpart of ours. The Senator Dr. W. Volkmann, of Leipsic, son of the celebrated traveller in Italy, had, as a delegate for the affairs of his city, fixed his residence in Dresden for a prolonged period, and had brought his wife and children with him, two boys about my own age and that of my brother, and a little sister who had been born about the same time as mine. The Mother Volkmann, who was about as old as mine, was called *Tugendreich*, Virtue-rich, Very Virtuous, and this name suited her exactly, for Frau Tugendreich was not poor in all the best qualities.

Father Volkmann, on his side, was like my father, a twin, and born in the same year, in the same month, and almost on the same day as my father. Dr. Volkmann and my father had likewise been married in the same year, and their wedding-days were so near each other that they could be celebrated together. In addition to such resemblances there was the more essential similarity of taste, opinion, and sentiment, so that between the two families an intercourse rich in enjoyment could shape itself, which speedily deepened into warm and enduring friendship.

When therefore in the same state of bodily weakness as my mother, and from the same cause, Frau Volkmann was commanded by her physician to try the Radeberg waters, it was resolved to make the affair one in common. Apartments, however, were hired not in the bathing establishment itself, but in the neighbouring Lotzdorf. This caused a journey of a mile and a half* in the direction of the North, a tolerable bit of the way; and as no other arrangement was for the moment possible, the present one was acceptable enough as a compensation for the more extensive journey which had been abandoned.

Our yolk-coloured carriage was now packed with everything needful, trunks, linen, and, strapped thereon, mattresses. Four horses were yoked in the carriage, and the enormous machine was set in movement. In the interior were the two mothers with the six chil-

* A German mile is five English miles.—Tr.

dren ; Frau Venus and a maid-servant were on the box ; the postilion was in the saddle. The two fathers remained behind, promising to come and see us as often as they could.

We children were as happy as the gods, and blessed the deep sward of the heath, through which the heavy carriage, reeling on its high springs, worked its way with exceeding difficulty, for thus the extraordinary delight of the journey was prolonged. We found ourselves in a new world. The northern landscape on the right bank of the Elbe was still unknown to us, and our excitement increased the farther we penetrated into the deep shades of the pine woods. It was the very place for extraordinary sights and extraordinary occurrences. What adventures might not be met with ! What out-of-the-way things might not be seen, perchance even wild boars ! And if circumstances were favourable, there might be still more striking marvels, transcending all expectation and imagination.

Nothing however presented itself, except, perhaps, the experience that there is no rose without thorns. The younger Volkmann had gradually become silent and contemplative. Then his face assumed a mournful expression — plainly inspired by the state of his stomach. The rest can be imagined. It was horrible ! The shaking of the carriage had exhausted his strength ; and as the ailment became contagious the carriage was stopped, and the forest resounded with the anguished cry of the children of men. Thus the little journey

was a true image of human life ; it began with a high heart—it ended in grief ; but the sky revealed itself at last !

THE HAMLET.

The small village called Lotzdorf may, possibly, have very few attractions. But every one is herein at liberty to form his own opinion. For children, only that which is nearest has an interest ; it is chiefly in the foreground that they live. In that foreground every trifle entertains them, and what is remote may shape itself as God pleases. In Lotzdorf there was nothing remote ; all that the region offered was at hand, and was most tangible. I had natural susceptibilities for those simple aspects of Nature, and I still recall with a melancholy joy the shallow brook, with its pebbly bottom ; the small wood glen, into which the brook mysteriously disappeared ; the lofty ridge, with its blackberry bushes ; and the warm *brae*, on which we and our mothers lay loungingly. Our mothers had chosen for abodes houses at the extreme end of the hamlet—houses that joined. The Volkmanns tabernacled with the linen-weaver Ulrich—we with the mason Grossmann. The Grossmanns were estimable and prosperous people, who, with their little daughter Lore, did not occupy the whole house, and could easily let some apartments. In the house of the Grossmanns, my mother occupied a large rustic sitting-room, with freshly-plastered walls, round which

a long, desperately scoured wooden seat ran. Floors, tables, chairs, were so well cleaned as to glitter; and through the low windows, thickly clothed with flowers and vine foliage, the sun stole in manifold colours. The space behind the stove was, however, the cosiest. As in all Saxon houses of the people, it was devoted to a podium, about three feet high, called "the hell"—where the house-father, after the day's work, stewed and roasted himself. This "hell" was abandoned to me, to do with it what I liked; and it seemed as if it had been created for the manufacture, on rainy days, of little rings and chains of horsehair, which Lore taught me how to plait.

But when the weather was fine, we did not care much for horsehair or for plaiting. With the children of the Volkmanns, and children of the village, as our companions, we then rambled about in the open air all the day long; and my mother, who was generally so anxious, herein approved whatever her friend Frau Volkmann thought good; for she reflected that the innocent little creatures in villages were not to be compared with the corrupted *gamins* in cities. Also, I am compelled to give to my country friends belonging to that time the testimony that they learned nothing worse from me than I learned from them. For that they ate, raw and living, the small, smooth smerlins they took by hand, and the so-called butter-crabs—as well as all crabs or crawfish that became their victims—was certainly not

an offence against morality—perhaps not even a sin against taste. They taught us this water sport; but they laughed at us for carrying our prey into our stomachs by the roundabout road of boiling, whereby it lost its most nourishing strength. If, finally, they were a little superstitious, they shared this weakness with Julius Cæsar, Wallenstein, Napoleon, and other great men, who all belonged to the best society.

Not far from the house of the Grossmanns there stood, on a sandy height which was overgrown with grass, a decaying cottage, which was inhabited by a married couple called Burkhard. These people, who had perhaps come down in the world through their own fault, belonged to the Pariahs of the village. No one held any intercourse with them, and their surly character made them the terror of the children, who told the most ridiculous stories of their cruelty. They had both a great resemblance to the scarecrows set up in the fields where peas are ripening; therefore, we were in the habit of putting, with all due dispatch, a considerable distance between ourselves and them, when we happened to meet them.

Of the woman it was more than whispered that she was an old witch—by which, of course, we understood something very terrible; and that at night, sometimes stark naked, she did awful deeds on the fields of the neighbours. What kind of deeds? That no one knew. Of one thing, however, the children were convinced—that she, and no other, was the large will-o’-

the-wisp, led astray by which the Radeberg errand-woman had broken her neck. Furthermore, it was strenuously maintained that the husband must have some secret means of support, otherwise he could not live so well. To this last point great weight was attached, and I, in my wisdom, considered that it had a very ugly look. However, it was maintained that if a certain toad, about the size of a leathern tobacco-pouch, which lurked under the cottage of the Burkhardts, could be dragged from its den, the Burkhardts would lose at once their supernatural power.

I know not well whether we really had the intention to dig out the abominable toad, or what induced us; at all events, we went to work vigorously with our small shovels. The other children in the village came to our help, and, after working several days, we had formed a cavity in the hill large enough to hold us all. Meanwhile old Burkhard had discovered that his cottage was undermined, and he took precautionary measures accordingly.

We, foreboding no evil, crowded snugly into our cave, and sang a song which was very popular among the children of the village. I still remember the magnificent passage—"Beautiful Lady Kummeran, let me see thy brightness." Kummeran, however, was not a name; it was merely a corruption of *komm' herein*, or *come in*. Suddenly, while we were singing *con amore*, old Burkhard, like a black infernal spirit, appeared at the entrance of the cave, and immediately

made, or pretended to make, preparations for closing us in by the help of his pickaxe.

We felt as no doubt the companions of Ulysses felt when Polyphemus appeared. In body and in soul we could not have been different if we had been struck by lightning. No sound could we emit from our throats; for no choice seemed to remain to us except either to be buried alive or to make a desperate attempt to escape by defying the murderer and his pickaxe. At last our paralysed muscles and our horrible anguish found relief in a loud scream.

Then old Burkhard paused in his proceedings. "Ah, indeed!" he said, "are you in there, you detestable brats? I shall thrash you well—see if I don't!"

In truth, the poor man, who probably had no serious intention of injuring us, derived perhaps a delicious satisfaction from this scene for the contempt and hatred with which the children of the village had treated him. He did us, however, no further harm, but contented himself with exacting some small pecuniary contributions from our mothers.

As to the rest, our mothers, through the use of the bath and from the beneficial effect of the country air, had so notably gained strength as to spend the greater part of the day with us and our friends in the open air. Under their guidance we gathered in the neighbouring woods great quantities of wild berries, of which, with new milk as an addition, we made an evening meal. We placed ourselves on the grass round an immense

wooden trough, and without feeling squeamish helped ourselves from it with spoons together with the peasant-children. Then we took hands all round, and dancing turned in immense circles, or singing traversed in serpentine lines the village, while the old peasants smoking before their doors watched us with a smile.

But when our fathers came from Dresden and brought, perhaps, friends with them—for instance, the landscape-painter, Friedrich, and the universal favourite Kraft, a young Esthonian who, under my father's guidance, was studying painting as a profession—there were amusements of a grander kind and on a grander scale—for example, playing at nine-pins on the goose-common, or shooting at the shaw-fowl* with capital crossbows which Volkmann supplied. To these games the rising generation in the village was always invited, and the prizes won, such as pocket-knives, Jews'-harps, pocket-dials, and the like, made the victors so happy that many were struck speechless with joy, and stole away to be sure that they really possessed their treasure.

One beautiful afternoon Friedrich proposed to us children a recreation of an altogether peculiar kind, namely, to erect a tower in the middle of the water. With enthusiasm we, wading through the shallow brook, brought the building-stones, and Friedrich in attire resembling that of a fisherman, and standing in the water like a long-legged heron, piled up the stones into the form of a pyramid or pillar, which soon rose to

* The wooden bird at German festivals.—Tr.

the height of a man above the stream. The rest of the company standing on the bank beheld the jubilation. And here I may mention a remarkable person who had long held friendly relations with our family, but who rises on this occasion for the first time before my memory.

Henriette Courtan, who in younger years had come from Königsberg to Dresden with the family of the bookseller Hartknoch, with which we were intimately acquainted, lived at Dresden in independence on the income derived from a small property. Her circle of friends was very extensive, and in that circle she devoted herself with zeal to the noblest duties of humanity. Where help was needful, succour, tender nursing, intercession, counsel, active exertion, Henriette was always at hand with her own means or the means of others, which she knew how to turn with rare skill to the best advantage.

In truth, those in trouble needed only to gaze upon her to be in a moment gladdened, for she gleamed like the blessed sun with yellow and fire-red colours, and she made herself still more conspicuous by exceedingly fantastical twistings and windings of ribbons resembling veils round her head and shoulders. As in other respects she was an exceedingly reasonable person, and by no means beautiful, it was inconceivable what could induce her to make use of such a glaring costume, in which the ladies found much to object, and which continually tempted the gentlemen to turn her into ridicule. We children called her, on

account of her black hair, the "black aunt." This soon became her name universally, and it was a long time before I discovered that she had any other.

On this day the "black aunt" had taken a pilgrimage out to us like the other Dresden friends, stood like the rest on the bank, and watched with growing interest the growing tower of Babel. The shouting of Friedrich, the screaming of the boys, the jubilation in the water, became every moment more exciting; charmingly dashed the cool wave over the variegated pebbles of the brook. All these things may have tempted and moved the "black aunt;" however, before any one could be aware, she, with her clothes tucked up, was splashing in supreme blessedness in the stream like a water-wagtail.

The women were inclined to frown and scold; but she did not care for their displeasure, for she thought it reasonable that the happy should be natural. But if we grow earnestly and thoroughly natural, it is not easy to know where it may end. The "black aunt" did not feel quite safe on the smooth stones, and went into deeper water. Then sprang Friedrich forward, dashing fierce torrents of water round him. He wanted to catch the nymph, to place her on the tower, for her own security, as he affirmed. She uttered a loud cry, tried to escape, her foot slipped, she fell, was fished out, and brought all dripping to the land. The ladies hastened away with their thoroughly soaked friend.

But herewith the joy was not at an end—it began, on

the contrary, to burst forth in its utmost fervour. It was resolved to permit neither Time nor the black-guard boys of the village to destroy Friedrich's work of art; the destruction was to be accomplished at once, and by those present. Volkmann, as a magisterial person and a senator, could not be expected to be indifferent to decorum; but, on this occasion, like the others, he pulled off coat and boots, darted into the brook, and gathered stones from its deepest depth.

A magnificent cannonade now began, and an unspeakable delight; for in destruction is great joy for every one. The shot, hurled by strong fists, rattled from all sides against the monument, which, torn and tottering, fell piecemeal into the water. The water was cleft in many directions round the dark mass, forming a misty rain and cascades, in which the rays of the setting sun trembled, until the destruction was complete. A rustic repast, before the door of the house occupied by the Volkmanns, concluded the festivity.

Thus lived we in Lotzdorf, in great contentment, and without the burthen of gravity or the bondage to social customs; and not only we the children, but also our elders, who were thereby distinguished from real grandees. At last we all took our departure with regret from the little hamlet.

THE BIRTHDAY.

We all returned to the city strengthened and with browner complexions, and my mother felt so much better that she thought she could venture without danger to accomplish a duty which lay before her. In truth, our little sister seemed to take up more room than all the rest of us. At least, our abode had become too narrow for us—search had to be made for another; and this we could set about with a heart so much the lighter, that our fellow-lodgers had already all fled. The Schuberts had departed; the Engelhards had changed their residence; and Lais had fallen a victim to his malady. I had therefore, on leaving, no one to embrace but Fritz Pezold, who, however, continued to visit me now and then on Sundays.

Late in the summer, therefore, of 1808, we are found occupying the second story of the *Breling-house*, in the Neustadt, or New Town, Avenue, the most beautiful and the most pleasant street in Dresden. This house, built about a hundred years before by Count Zinzendorf, bore the inscription, which ran along the whole cornice, "In God's blessing all is propitious." By way of brevity, the house was called, "The God's Blessing;" and the blessing of God assuredly we found in it.

We children were very well pleased with the change. We ran shouting through the new rooms, and, as the building was in the form of a square, and enclosed the

court, it was an immense delight to run on for ever, yet return infallibly to the same point, like the navigators who sail round the globe. Moreover, the beautiful promenade before the windows offered a welcome space for playing, as did also the small plantain-overgrown garden, in which we could rummage and rampage just as we liked. Not very far off, and close to the Wiesenthor,* dwelt the Volkmanns; and parents and children had daily intercourse with each other, the two families growing more and more into one.

All this was not amiss: in another respect I might have had reason to lament if I had possessed the necessary understanding. The regular occupations to which I had at an earlier period been forced, had already in the Lepmann house suffered intermission. Numerous distractions had afterwards come—the residence at the baths, new acquaintances, and finally the removal. When the devoted mother wished to begin the instruction anew it was discovered that I had forgotten everything, and that I was no longer what I had been. To commence afresh was uncomfortable—on both sides there was annoyance; and when in addition my mother again fell ill, I and my affairs got into a chaotic state; increasing in folly I increased in disfavour with mortals, and especially with Frau Venus.

This poor nurse must now have had a very hard time of it. My mother was for the most part confined to bed;

* A Dresden gate or gateway.—Tr.

my father was absorbed by his work. Frau Venus had not merely to take care of my little sister, but to keep a watchful eye on me and my little brother, who, like me, had begun to follow the sinful path of disorder. In truth, it was of itself a difficult problem for her to keep from profane touch the feeding-bottle from which, by the help of its sponge-mouth, my sister drew milk as food ; for no sooner had the excellent woman turned her back than we made an assault on the feeding-bottle and sucked the contents. If she scolded we laughed, and tried to invent new mischief, hid her things, set fire to paper and hair, and put her patience to the proof in every way. In short, the old Adam was so enormously developed that I was sometimes grieved myself, though I had not the resolution to change.

Our levity was damped by a disaster which touched my very heart. One of my father's pupils, Kraft, already named, fell dangerously ill. I warmly loved him ; and my father, my mother, and all friends did everything they could to save him ; but he died after some days, in consequence of changing his linen, at a moment when he was not watched, and contrary to the order of the physician. He was lamented in our house like a son and a brother.

Some days after this catastrophe came my birthday. When I awoke early in the morning my first thought was of Kraft, who was that day to be buried. Then I perceived a light in the room, and that my mother had left her bed and was attending to household affairs. It

was not till now that I remembered my birthday, and the thought that my mother's love was at such an early hour busy in my behalf moved me not a little. I lay with my face turned to the wall, and in order not to rob my dear mother of the joy of a surprise, I kept my eyes firmly closed and tried my utmost to keep from betraying that I was awake.

At last my mother told me to rise, for that it was seven o'clock; and under the influence of the most various emotions I dressed. But in my expectation of birthday splendours, I was not a little surprised to see nothing but the tallow candle by which my mother had dressed and whose decaying life was flickering. About my birthday there seemed not to be a thought. I consoled myself, however, with the probability that, as I had now reached the great age of six, it was not deemed desirable to make the usual bedside gifts, and I should receive the presents at breakfast-time, like my father. But when I found nothing on the breakfast-table, and when my mother instead of offering me the birthday chocolate put before me the commonplace milk to which I was accustomed, I had greatly to restrain myself to keep from betraying my terror. It was a miserable morning, and little was eaten.

At last my mother said, "Poor child! You have a sad birthday."

Alas! alas! that was just it. My mother had filled up to the brim the measure of my dismay, and tears streamed from my eyes. My mother continued her

discourse, and went on speaking about Kraft, saying that this was no hour for joy and festivity. Besides, I must myself best know whether my conduct since we had left Lotzdorf had been such as to cause joy to others or to make others wish me joy. My mother expressed a hope of my amendment, and then my birthdays would wear a more smiling aspect.

My mother spoke very earnestly and at great length, and I, poor wretch, had a very strong sense of my own sin, so that it would have seemed to me unnatural to receive gifts while I was so guilty. I made, however, the noblest resolutions; and if these often to my shame have been baffled and broken, yet may falling and again rising up be more serviceable to us poor children of men than rising up to fall no more.

Meanwhile the beams of day gradually crept over the roofs of the houses opposite, the lights on the breakfast-table lost their brightness, and from the quiet street rolled up the dull sound of a carriage going with melancholy slowness. We went to the window and saw a long row of gloomy figures, with my father at the head, walking behind the coffin of the departed friend. My mother wiped her eyes, and I also wept, for much had I loved him.

When on the evening of the same day the Volkmanns and other friends came, and my mother was getting tea ready, she sent me into the next room for the sugar-basin, which had been forgotten. I took a light and opened the door; but how can I paint the

extraordinary character of the surprise that awaited me! I stood as if blinded by the splendour of the lights, of the flowers, of the gifts, which were spread out on a table with a white cover. I gasped for breath; then I threw myself into the arms of my mother.

The company, no less surprised than I was, pressed forward; all were lost in admiration; all shared my joy, all examined the different articles, and amused themselves for a moment in trying their use. Suddenly the voice of my brother was heard raised to its highest pitch. The whole time with his fists pressed against his fat cheeks, and his elbows leaning on the table, he had stood before the cake and let his eyes rest on the sugary crust, till finally he broke into these words, pronounced slowly to give them emphasis, "When is the eating to begin?"

This question uttered what was the feeling of all present. An assault was made upon the cake, and I, spite of the impressions of the morning, feasted joyously along with the others, and knew not into what a terrible conspiracy the grown people at the tea-table had entered. It had in fact been unanimously resolved that a private tutor should be engaged, that he should be a member of our household, but should likewise instruct the young Volkmanns, and keep all us children in order. The right man for such a place Father Volkmann thought he had found in a young Leipsic theologian called Senff, and he entered with him forthwith into the necessary correspondence.

Immediately after Easter the new teacher was to take up his abode with us, and we children looked forward to him as something new, not foreboding that this Senff would have all the Senff sharpness.*

* *Senf* is the German word for mustard.—*Tr.*

CHAPTER VI.

THE AMTHAUS.

MY father had gone to reside at Weimar for the greater part of the winter, in order that this city might contribute to the gallery which adorned his studio. He had for some years been availing himself of the residence at Dresden of distinguished contemporaries to paint their portraits, and he already possessed half-length likenesses as large as life of Schubert, Werner, Rühle, Fernow, Böttiger, Lais, Morgenstern, Seume, Oehlenschläger, and others.

The mighty men of Weimar were now to crown the collection. Pleasant days were those which the distinguished painter spent in the small city of the Muses on the Ilm, and very cheerful letters were those he wrote home. Goethe and Wieland willingly sat in person; the portraits of Schiller and Herder, on the contrary, who had departed this life, could only be painted from casts taken after death, from pictures already existing, and the descriptions of surviving friends. Nevertheless, they were regarded as extremely

successful. The four portraits were admirable and eminently characteristic pictures, which the artist on his return added to his collection.

Meanwhile, toward the end of my father's absence, my mother fell ill, probably in consequence of a miscarriage. We children merely learned that she was unwell, and required the tenderest care; at least, the physician desired that we should be as quiet in the house as if we did not exist; and, as this was not so easy as it was necessary, it was resolved to banish me and my brother from the house for a season. The Volkmanns, who certainly had the nearest claim to the luxury of our companionship, were absent, having taken up a transient residence in Leipsic; but the Hofrätthin Näke willingly gave us the shelter of her tent.

Led by her hand the little exiles entered the *Amtshaus** in the *Pirna* Street, where they found everything different from kindred things at home; that is to say, worse, as they thought. Apart from the fact that the *Amthaus* was not "the God's Blessing," the distinction lay chiefly in the arrangements. My mother occupied the best chambers herself—bright, joyous apartments, of a uniform colour, whose adornment was limited to a few good paintings. Nothing in our house was curtained, or veiled, or out of place; there were no birds, no flowers, no perfumes, no

* *Amthaus*, or *Amtshaus*, the official residence of a magistrate; also, the court of a district, and so on.—*Tr.*

ostentatious finery. Of extreme simplicity, also, was the furniture, which was in the rectangular, compact style of the time, called Grecian, and which pleased me very well.

In the *Amthaus* it was different. The cheerful rooms of the fine abode, that looked to the street, were not inhabited, and appeared to be where they were for their own sake alone. They were brilliant show-rooms; to turn them to vulgar use could not be thought of. The family occupied only a few confined rooms, which looked out on a gloomy court surrounded by lofty buildings; and the desolateness of the court was notably increased by the monotonous splashing of a fountain. The windows, therefore, gave little light, and what light there was was broken by varicoloured curtains. The crowded articles of furniture, in the pedantic pigtail style, fantastically sprawling and twisting, were garnished with porcelain, shells, and all sorts of useless trumpery. On the window-sills stood balsams, geraniums, and pinks; gold-fishes, that seemed tired of their life, adorned, in glass globes, the toilet-tables, and alternated with pot-pourris, which filled the atmosphere of the rooms with strong odours. The main piece, however, and the crown of all tediousness, was a bird's cage of gold wire, whose inhabitant, an old bull-finch, was eternally singing the commencement of the "Dessau Mench."

What is strange is at first repulsive. But, after the fashion of children, we soon adapted and accus-

tomed ourselves to the change, soon felt at home with the worthy people, who were filled with the desire of making our abode in their house as agreeable as they could. Every one of them, and especially the old father and the three sons, I treasured in my warmest heart; and I enjoyed the cheerful conversation at dinner, a repast which generally brought the whole family together.

The subjects of conversation are in every house different. In our own house, for instance, there was never any talk about eating. Either my mother had no liking for it, or did not wish to excite the liking in us. What she thought easily digestible, that to her had the best taste, and we were compelled to have the same feeling regarding it; and, as in this respect, unsavoury things assert their superiority, it was those that in general were preferred. My excellent father, it is true, had his own prejudices in favour of asparagus, cauliflower, and crabs; but these prejudices were silently recognised and indulged, and he ate quite as silently anything else that was put before him.

With the Nākes, on the contrary, eating was anything but a suppressed or forbidden subject. Each of them had not merely his favourite dish, with which, when his turn came, he was supplied, but in fish and joints his favourite morsel, respecting which, therefore, there could not be any dispute. The general passion was tender carps from the Moritzburg ponds,—a dish at whose appearance the general tune im-

mediately passed into the minor key. Each one, therefore, partook of his favourite head, tail, or middle piece almost with emotion; and he had so much the art of praising and magnifying it that it might have been supposed that the discourse was about a variety of dishes. To us children our hosts gave only the milt and the roe, trying to persuade us that these were the most savoury parts, and that they were reserved for strangers; though, perhaps, our hosts wished to keep us free from the peril of fishbones. The aforesaid intestines of fishes I was very fond of, though I was ashamed of the undeserved advantage I supposed was conferred on me.

Pleasant, assuredly, were the dinners in the company of these kind people, who knew so well how to make small things great, and who, if nothing else had been placed on the table, could have elevated bread and butter to a Lucullian repast. The controversy would then have been whether crust or crumb, a thick or thin layer of butter, had the superiority.

To this capability of dwelling in illusions, which by no means was limited to food, the family was indebted for many pleasant hours, and also in after-years for many a grief, which might, perchance, have as little foundation as the superiority of a fish's head to the tail-piece. At that time the life of the family was a happy and harmonious one. There were two daughters, and there were three sons, who followed different callings; all were gifted and witty; all were under

the same roof as their parents ; and at dinner and in the evenings there was the revelation of experiences along with the interchange of thought.

Especially amiable looked the house-father himself, when, with powdered head, knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, he came among his children from his official apartments. Integrity and kindness beamed from his grey eyes ; his unassuming demeanour imposed no restraint upon others, and he spontaneously entered into the good-humour of his children. Also to us, the children of another household, to us whose feet dangled under his table, he was equally kind. Sometimes, perhaps from compassion to his wife, he took us into his private office, and tolerated our noisy games while he read and signed documents. The law-papers stood piled up like barricades. Behind them I hid my brother, and when I lamented that he was lost the old man shouted to him and sought him, of course in vain. When my brother, with loud laughter, burst from his hiding-place, the old man could put on such a look of astonishment that we always thought we had deceived him.

To reach the remote private office spoken of, a long corridor full of corners had to be passed, which, reserved for the exclusive use of the family, formed one of the connecting links between the different parts of the labyrinthine edifice, and whose mysterious darkness made us children feel more or less alarmed, according to the time of day. In effect, we had been

informed that there Mr. Nobody sojourned, whom all said they had met.

Possibly I was old enough not to be afraid of Mr. Nobody, if the essence of the dread of ghosts did not consist in the dread of nothing. We dread to behold what is not there, and we are immediately tranquillised when we discover that something really is there. In frightening my brother, therefore, I frightened myself most; and we trifled, to a certain extent, with the danger, when we amused ourselves in the evening by shouting out of the half-opened door into the dark passage till terror overcame us, and we shut the door hastily.

This amusement was not particularly to the taste of Frau Nāke, on account of the cold air which streamed in and the noise we made. She frequently, therefore, commanded us to be quiet—yea, she had gone from entreaties to threats. She said that if we were not disposed to be good we must decamp, perhaps even be sent back to Mamsell Class's school. But we grew more and more refractory, and tired naturally of picture books and of sitting still, we began ever anew to be mischievous and to carry on our jokes at the expense of Mr. Nobody.

One fine evening then, when I had less dread of ghosts than usual, I went in my audacity so far as to venture into the gloomy corridor, as if this was the merest trifle. Just in the right mood for meeting Mr. Nobody I went gaily forward, while my brother in a stooping position, and with his hands resting on his

knees followed my movements, ready every moment to scream with might and main.

Not far from the door of the sitting-room the passage made a bend, and then the gleam of a distant lamp became visible, which was burning before the private office of the magistrate. But see! something was surely there. I perceived very distinctly a small diabolical figure which was stealing toward me. I made a bound backward, and knocking my brother head over heels rushed into the sitting-room. The little fellow on all fours crept out of his troubles the best way he could, while the Hofrätin Näke took off her spectacles, and vigorously scolding, rose from her work. At the same time Mr. Nobody entered.

Then was the charm dissolved; for this Mr. Nobody proved to be nobody else than Mamsell Class, whom since my adventure at the girls' school I had not again seen. She probably had had some official business with the magistrate, and well acquainted with every nook in the house, had made use of that passage to visit the family with which she was on such friendly terms. That the transformation of Mr. Nobody into Mamsell Class made me feel comfortable I cannot say, for I thought that Frau Näke might easily be tempted to carry out her threat. However, this idea did not seem to occur to her, and all ended pleasantly, one circumstance excepted; for, alas! Mamsell Class clasped me to her bosom and kissed me—punishment enough for my bad behaviour.

At supper the raillery of the company smote me severely ; but Herr Näge threw his shield over me. Perhaps he remembered that in earlier days he himself had fled from the ladies, and found it pardonable that I took a woman for a ghost.

How long we remained at the house of the Nāges I have forgotten. Judging by the impressions that remain to me it might have been half a year ; but possibly it was not longer than eight days. My memory, however, dwells with thankful love on these excellent people, whose happy and harmonious life in their home came only too soon to an end. The angels of the house, the parents, died soon after that time, the one death rapidly following the other. The snug old *Amthaus*, where all had been so comfortable, had to be forsaken. Näge's children took diverging paths. They were every one of them amiable and estimable persons. The sons were distinguished and respected in their callings ; the daughters were sure of the attachment of friends. But gradually a feeling of disconnection and strangeness took more or less possession of them all ; sombre seclusion came, and a gradual isolation from other men. They all remained unmarried ; and years not a few have elapsed since they bade farewell to a life which had lost all its charm and brightness.

THE SICK-CHAMBER.

The pang of separation from our mother was softened somewhat by the visits which, under suitable female

guardianship, we were permitted to pay to her; yet as soon as she was getting well we returned with delight to the old nest. Our father likewise came back, and our life, which had so long deserted its accustomed track, might anew have been duly regulated, if there had not been a fresh disturbing force.

In Dresden the chicken-pox was prevalent, and it attacked me, my brother, and sister together. This was not a very pleasant thing; but we, the patients, had the smallest part of the discomfort. Nothing, in truth, was lacking to us. Our small beds, fenced all round to keep us from falling out of them, stood socially side by side, in a cheerful room adorned with amusing pictures. Our mother, the best of nurses, was always near us; our father often looked in; and, while our little sister played with her own hands, or exercised her gums on a child's coral, which had been brought from Weimar, we the brothers examined the collections of engravings with which our father munificently supplied us, cut figures out of paper, and with wax of many colours moulded flowers and other things of many shapes, with which we adorned the raised sides of our bedsteads. Under such circumstances, it is not a very terrible affair to be ill, and even now I should have nothing to object to it, if chicken-pox was the only disease to which the human body is liable.

The pleasantest remembrances of that period of sickness connect themselves with the evening hours, when

the window-blinds were drawn down, the candles were lit, and my sister slept. Then my mother found time to sit down near us, with the stocking she was knitting, and we prattled away about everything that came into our heads. We were most delighted when our mother told us something—spoke to us, for instance, of her distant home, which we also regarded as our own—of that far-away coastland, with its dark forests, its shimmering tracts of meadow, its fresh fountains and eternal morasses, traversed by elks, bears, wolves—of that region where the grandparents had their abode, and where numerous and dear kinsfolk held us in loving recollection, and whither we ourselves expected soon to go.

It was, however, the wild beasts of that country which were most to our taste; and, with much vigour and effect, my mother discoursed of the wolves in particular. We asked whether the wolves ate children. For reply, we were treated to the following narrative, either true or fashioned out of true circumstances, for my mother would not tell us anything fictitious:—

“There was once a little boy, who was four years old, and called Inrik. His parents were peasants, and dwelt in a remote woodland village. Inrik, however, was not dressed like the children of the peasants at Lotzdorf; he had nothing on his body but a scanty shirt of the coarsest linen cloth.

“Now it came to pass that Inrik’s mother had baked *pirogen*—that is, small round or four-cornered cakes,

made of bread dough, and filled with sour-kroust or mashed carrots; the people of the country being very fond of the *piroggen*. Some of the *piroggen* Inrik's mother wrapped in a cloth, which she placed in the little boy's hand, saying: 'Go, my child, carry these to your father in the field; but make haste that he may get them warm.'

"The little fellow tightened the knot of the cloth, and, in his scanty attire, scampered away joyously. He had to go through a large forest where many strawberries were growing; but as his mother had told him to make haste, he did not stop to gather any, and soon came to his father, who was reposing in the shade on the border of the forest which joined his field. He was resting from his work, and was about to eat his afternoon's luncheon—curds he had brought with him—when Inrik arrived. Greatly he rejoiced to see the child, and also the *piroggen*. He made Inrik sit down beside him, and gave him some of the cakes."

My brother thought this a very pretty story, and said that he should like to eat some of the *perücken*;^{*} but my mother informed him that the story was not yet finished, and proceeded as follows:—

"When the father had to go back to his work Inrik started to return, and as he had no need now to be in a hurry, he gathered the beautiful red strawberries he saw as he went along. These had a sweeter and

* *Wigs*: the little boy blunders.—*Tr.*

sweeter taste to him the more of them he devoured ; so that at last he thought of nothing but the strawberries, and according as their abundance enticed him he went deeper and deeper into the forest. When he could eat no more, he plucked some handfuls for his mother, and wished to return to the road. But he had lost the direction, and he entangled himself in thick brushwood, from which he found it impossible to escape. Then he grew terrified, and with his small treasure of strawberries he wandered for hours hither and thither, till his little naked feet were torn by thorns and he could not go a step farther. He then lay down under an old pine, and, sad and exhausted as he was, the thrushes soon sang him to sleep.

“He had intended only to rest a little and then go on ; but he fell into a slumber so deep and so long that when he at last awoke the night-wind was gently moving to and fro the tops of the bushes. Then the little boy began most bitterly to weep, and he called aloud the name of his mother, who, alas ! could not hear him. But two sharper ears than even those of a mother heard him.

“There was a morass not far off in the middle of which a she-wolf had her haunt. When she heard the little fellow’s cry for help she dashed aside her young, started up, and with light step and gaunt body she stole over the swampy ground. Suddenly the lamenting child felt himself knocked to the ground by a powerful paw, and he was terrified to death when

he saw the blazing eyes of the beast of prey close to his own. The wolf snuffed at the child, who in his anguish lay as still as if he were dead. Then she seized with her sharp teeth his shirt and bore him off in the direction of her haunt.

"Swiftly she went over stock and stone, over solid and swamp. Sometimes the wolf carried the boy whom she had made her prey; sometimes by whipping him with her thick tail she made him march himself. At last she placed him in the midst of three little wolves, which had broad heads and short tails, and were the tenants of her haunt, and which in boundless joy leaped and rolled over him without tiring, while the old wolf herself licked his feet. Probably when they had all had as much fun with him as they wanted, he was to be eaten. He had a very decided dislike to be devoured, though all his thoughts at the moment were confused and strange.

"Then a crackling noise was heard among the dry branches that lay scattered about on the morass. The wolf pricked up her ears, made a fierce bound, and rushed to meet a large black dog. Amid howling and barking a furious combat began. The dog and the wolf seized each other, and, torn and mangled and streaming with blood, rolled into the morass, so as to dash up the water around them. Meanwhile human voices were heard, and peasants hastened forward with axes.

"Inrik's father, terrified by the disappearance of his

child, had gone forth with neighbours and dogs, and had already for hours been searching in the forest. Now hastening before the others he struck the wolf dead.

“ ‘Here the wolf must have had its haunt,’ cried the men, and tried immediately to find it. Then they came upon the half-naked child, who held in his hand the tiny treasure of strawberries. He lay as if dead among the little wolves, which in fear huddled their thick heads together. The father snatched his son up, pressed him to his heart, and began a loud lamentation, for he thought he was dead. But Inrik opened his eyes, threw his arms round his father’s neck, and said these words only : ‘A big dog has bitten Inrik.’”

“The young wolves were sold to the owner of the estate, who found an amusement in training them to act the part of watch-dogs.”

During the second half of this story my father had come in, and with his hands on his back planted himself in front of the stove. When the story was finished he said jestingly that he could bear no respect for Inrik. A fellow arrived at the full age of four years should have been ashamed to act as he did. He should have boldly leaped up, darted at the wolf a terrible glance, and then the wolf would have been sure to scamper off.

My mother thought the wolf would not have been so easily frightened ; but my father resolutely maintained his opinion :—

“The very smallest and weakest of human beings

can do wonders, if he is but brave enough. If the wolf had eaten Inrik, then Inrik would have come out of the affair with honour."

With this chicken-pox history ends the period of the first May days of my childhood, those when teaching had not yet in all its sternness begun; and the token of a boy's riper age—the plague of regular instruction in what no one desires to know, in the abstract forms of the first elements—enabled me forthwith to obtain a slight foretaste of the earnestness of life.

Second Part.

CHAPTER I.

THE IMPERIALISTS.

WHEN we try to fix our remembrances of an earlier time in order to narrate them, we discover how chaotic they are, how hard to put in order, and how little we have retained of our experiences. I at least have felt, when preparing these pages, as if I were working my way through a dense mist, broken by only a few lofty and luminous summits, which as solid points enabled me to guess what lay between.

Accordingly, when I have to give an account of the arrival of the long-expected tutor, I find myself surrounded by darkness, for I know nothing of his advent, and just as little of his departure, which took place about three years and a half after. In the picture-book of old memories he appears to me as a cloud, which arose in the blue sky out of nothing and again vanished into nothing, but which left traces of its blessed influence on the plain.

The image of my dear teacher Senff first steals back to my mind on occasion of an evening walk which he took with us and the little Volkmanns on the banks of the Elbe. It was in the decline of a beautiful June day of the year 1809. Under the direction of the teacher we built a stone dike out into the stream, and on the dike we had kindled a fire of twigs we had gathered together. The fire flamed grandly up, and we had great joy in beholding it, till a boatman rowing from the opposite side shouted fiercely at us, and told us to go away.

Trusting in the strength of our mentor, Senff, we boys proposed to salute the ruffian with a shower of stones. Senff, however, declared that the man had probably the right to scold us and drive us away, and that even if it was not so, prudent people always yielded in a dispute. We withdrew before the boatman reached our side of the river. But he flung reproaches at us which had not a very flattering sound, and which pained me excessively on Senff's account; for upbraidings like the following were heard:—"You great lubber!" and "Horrible stupidity!" and "Come back you abominable wretch! that I may give you a good drubbing."

We acted, however, as if we had been deaf and dumb, made a hasty retreat, and were soon beyond the reach of that disturber of the peace; but it was only to fall into the grasp of another foe—for, alas! when we came to the city we found to our very great surprise the gate shut. Two horsemen of foreign aspect, the

one in coal-black, the other in straw-coloured array, with drawn sabres drove every one back. The city had plainly fallen into somebody's hands; if into the hands of a friend or those of a foe was for the moment all the same, and so it proved afterwards. At all events we were shut out, and no doubt Senff felt himself again in considerable perplexity. To us children, however, this adventure had its flattering aspects, for in any case it was a notable experiment to get into the heart of warlike doings, and to be in all due form exiled.

What was now to be done, in what direction we were to turn, and in what fashion we were to pass the night, whether in a village inn or in the forest under the fir trees—these were questions which we discussed with each other, while Senff expended his eloquence fruitlessly to obtain a free passage for us, till at last this was granted us by the interference of a superior officer, and we without further perils got home.

Probably the war of 1809 was the most popular which Austria ever waged. It is no doubt true that the Austrian Empire had the arms of almost the whole world against it; but the sympathies of mankind were with it. In Germany especially, the first advance of the Austrian or "Imperial" armies was welcomed with great joy. This feeling prevailed even in Saxony, though Saxony was in alliance with Napoleon—yea, verily the progress made by the nominal "enemy" was hailed with delight, and the warmest interest was cherished in the righteous cause for which he combated.

When, therefore, the Austrian General Am Ende, breaking unexpectedly forth from Bohemia, took Dresden by a surprise and held possession, there was, on the part of the public, shown to these unbidden guests the most genuine affection. An object of special regard was the noble Duke of Brunswick, who had been despoiled of his hereditary lands, and who, with his corps of volunteers, had joined the Imperialists. Round him and his Black Hussars shone the nimbus of gladdest, most patriotic sacrifice ; and there were not wanting in Dresden enthusiastic young men ready to join his banner.

On the open space between the Wiesenthor and the Jägerhof, advanced the Dresden contingent ; and among those belonging to it I discovered to my joy two well-known faces—the so-called “other young fellows,” whom I had not seen for a long time, and who, in full uniform, and with the silver Death’s head on their hat, dashed along on fiery horses. When they saw me, one of them lifted me up beside him on his horse, and I had the proud consciousness of riding along with the Death’s Heads, or Black Hussars.

After putting me down he wanted to show off a little, and, by a blow with his whip, he made his horse furious, so that it fell with him, and the poor youth was taken up for dead. Soon after, the Duke with his heroic band left Dresden, and went in the direction of Franconia ; and of the fate of those two young men I never heard further. Their mother had previously left us.

The Austrian landwehr now marched in. This militia consisted of simple robust men, who wore grey coats and had green branches in their caps. These soldiers exercised every day in the front of our windows, and I went among them very gladly, interesting myself much for one of them in particular, who did not properly belong to them, and who must have been a very unwelcome addition to his company. This man was in fact French, and, as prisoner of war, he had been compelled to follow the Austrian banner. Usually he could be seen on one of the seats under the Lindens; he had his arm in a sling, and he looked very miserable. When I approached him he made me feel the coarse felt-like cloth of his coat, and said, in broken German, "French cloth is fine; the Imperial sort of cloth is bad."

When we were witnesses of the way in which the Austrian subaltern officers treated their men, he remarked: "A French corporal is courteous, but the Austrian corporal soundly thrashes his men with a stick."

In truth, worthy of honourable mention is the patience with which at that time the French trained their recruits. Later on in the year 1813, when there were many young soldiers in Dresden, we had often occasion to observe the same thing. And accustomed to gentler treatment, this poor fellow may certainly not have felt very comfortable in German hands. I told my mother about him, and was by her enabled to

procure for him occasionally money and food, whereby he was so much moved that, in the fervour of his thanks, he shockingly murdered the few German words he knew.

Meanwhile the armistice of Znaim soon put an end to our intercourse, and my poor Frenchman with his Austrian companions left hospitable Dresden. But as a compensation, Falkenberg marched into the city along with the Saxon contingent, and took again in our house his old post as a servant. He had returned as a victor, and he had marvellous and awful things to tell, especially of the Battle of Wagram. But it was not that which gained for him my father's heart; it was his lack of delight at being victorious—for he declared that every cartridge he had fired for the French still tortured him with remorse.

In our household Falkenberg found many things changed. Frau Venus, indeed, who had departed during his absence, he did not miss much, and he was not sorry to meet in her place a much younger person; but of Senff's advent he sternly disapproved.

"Your father," he said to me, "should have put a bundle of books under your arm and sent you to school; that would have been much wiser. Then we could have gone walking together as of old, and a very fine fellow you were sure to have grown."

CHAPTER II.

WHETHER HERR SENFF WAS A SAINT.

MY intercourse with my old friend Falkenberg might be said to be reduced to almost absolutely nothing; for both in my leisure hours and in my hours of study I was entrusted to my instructor—remained in his room, went out and in with him, and when I played it was under his guardianship. All this was no disadvantage, for Senff was an excellent and genial man, and nothing could be more mistaken than Falkenberg's notion that under Senff's discipline I must grow effeminate and lose all chance of becoming "a very fine fellow." Senff on the contrary had a strong dislike to all coddling, to all distortion and artificiality of nature, to all affectation, to all manners that were a servile imitation. He wished us to show ourselves such as we were, accustomed us to stern truthfulness in our friendships, and tolerated no expression not in accordance with our feelings and convictions. If other children were guilty of such things he called our attention thereto, and turned into ridicule what he condemned. It is certainly true that

in these efforts to teach the strictest veracity many traditional forms of politeness shared the same fate as other affectations, and insensibly I grew up with tendencies which were serious hinderances to me in my subsequent intercourse with men: for it is not the naked truth which society wishes—with the naked truth, indeed, it cannot exist. On the other hand, we remained quite free from that forced formal manner which is so disgusting in men as well as in women, and which makes all intimate companionship impossible.

In such naturalism we came to a perfect understanding with our teacher, and gave him therefore perfect satisfaction. In another direction, I at least had to accustom myself to learn. That Senff in instructing me should insist on order, should rule me, should in his strenuous endeavours to improve me somewhat annoy me—for all this I was prepared; but that he should have the ambition to control when at play, this was to me offensive in a surprising and extraordinary degree. Herein, however, he doubtless exercised the very best influence, for he not only had the skill to restrain a reckless passionateness which I threw into all my favourite amusements, and by vigorous watchfulness to communicate to me all kinds of practical knowledge and vigorous dexterity, but he also compelled me in all I did to be conscious of what I was doing, and to proceed with the most scrupulous accuracy.

Meanwhile the discomfort of such restraint was more obvious than the utility. I felt myself too much

hindered in my customary freedom ; and as in addition Senff did not always resist his inclination to pull me by the ears, and also regaled me now and then with boxes on the head and miscellaneous thumps, all these circumstances combined to perplex me, and I began by degrees to regard him in my heart as a scoundrel.

This belief, however, was in good time shaken by a singular phenomenon. It came to pass that when I was receiving my lesson in arithmetic, and was sitting opposite to my teacher, I perceived a marvellous splendour crowning his head. Perhaps the contrast of his dark-brown hair to the brightly illuminated background of a yellow wall, had generated on the confines of the two the appearance of luminous intensification, or there may have been something else—at all events, I saw a halo like that round the pictures of saints, and I fell, therefore, into the most singular meditations and conjectures.

I reflected that the best men during their life-time were regarded as wicked wretches, and put to death as such. This I knew from a collection of engravings belonging to my father, which represented the martyrdoms of saints. Was it not therefore possible that Herr Senff was also a saint, and that his holiness was hidden from me, as the holiness of those older saints was hidden from their contemporaries? Now at least a gleam which seemed to justify such an interpretation had irradiated Herr Senff's head.

This idea I communicated to my mother. She replied

that it was impossible to arrive at any certainty in the matter. Meanwhile it was the duty of children always to regard their instructors as holy persons, and to revere and obey them as such. I ventured, though modestly, to object that Herr Senff was much in the habit of pulling my ears. On this point she held out to me a prospect of diminished severity. The problem put before me was to act blamelessly towards Herr Senff, who was then sure to treat me in a more trusting and friendly manner.

I cannot deny myself the honourable testimony that thenceforward I strove energetically to carry out the advice of my mother, and thus I succeeded in reconciling myself with the character and demeanour of my tutor. I learned to see that his intentions toward me were kind, became attached to him, and still treasure him warmly in my heart.

INSTRUCTION.

I know not whether Senff had come into our house mainly with the intention of devoting himself wholly to painting, or whether by the lively discussions and fervent enthusiasms about art into the excitement of which he was thrown, he was fascinated, and then formed his resolution ; at all events, he now wanted to become a painter, drew and painted continually, and while he instructed us he enjoyed at the same time the instruction of my father. With marvellous zeal and diligence he toiled the whole day, alike teaching and

learning, in the midst of us children; and his long maulstick, with which, reaching forth behind the easel, he could hit any one, made those attentive who were disposed to dream.

Senff's method of instruction, if I remember well, was the Pestalozzi-Krug method, in which what is learned is less held in view than the manner of learning. Thus learning was converted into its own object, and the training of the intellect had to precede, or at least to go hand-in-hand with, an acquaintance with the various branches of knowledge. The way of the old school, that from practice to theory, from faith to insight, had been abandoned, and as a change experiments were made in the opposite direction, for nothing seemed more rational than first to form the vessel before the contents were put into it.

How contrary to nature this method was, and how dangerous in its consequences, only few could at that time see, for it had not been thoroughly tried. The cleverest people gave it their approval, and to instruct according to the old fashion was viewed as narrow-minded. I had now therefore to begin with forgetting all I already knew, and to appropriate it anew under the discipline of the new method. For it seemed inadmissible to read before first understanding speech, and even speaking appeared profitless without the needful acquaintance with the origin of the articulate sounds one by one.

There was consequently not a little to be done or to

be comprehended before it was possible to begin the peculiar method of instruction in reading. Teacher and scholars opened their mouths wide reciprocally, the former to show how and in what way he, humming, hissing, murmuring, smacking, placed his tongue; the latter to offer to the keen eye of the teacher the opportunity of inspecting each one's organs of speech. According as the tongue, teeth, lips or gums were employed, the consonants brought forth were named; thus of course there were *humming*, *hissing*, *murmuring*, *smacking* utterances, and so on.

We hummed and murmured and hissed at and to each other like serpents, and were so enthusiastic about the matter that nothing seemed to us more tasteless and old-fashioned than the ancient school's mode of spelling. To my friends who were educated in the ordinary schools I made a boastful display with *purring sounds* and *gum-terminations*, and was little annoyed when Ludwig Engelhard and Fritz Pezold laughed at me for my pains.

Though in this way many things could be understood—with this drawback, however, that without spelling and syllabification a firm foundation in orthography could not be made—still the new method seemed to bear a pre-eminent application in arithmetic, which by its nature excludes every kind of dogmatism. We only carried on the arithmetical process mentally. Written reckoning was at the outset excluded as being obscure schematism—nothing was accepted

till its meaning was first thoroughly perceived ; and even the multiplication-table we did not learn by heart till we had accomplished the mental act, and convinced ourselves that the thing was what it assumed to be.

Where we had need of intuitive discernment, Senff employed suitable arithmetical counters invented by himself, which, divided into different quantities, furnished the necessary proofs. In our leisure hours we played with these arithmetical stones, built houses and castles with them, so that in every way the arithmetical proportions were stamped on our mind. It was under the images of the stones, therefore, and not under that of ciphers, that the arithmetical quantities floated before my brain. I counted according to those blocks — a capital method, which soon enabled me to solve tolerably complicated problems, and to accomplish what was really extraordinary for my years. This, however, was merely the result of proper instruction, for the natural capability for arithmetical calculation I did not possess. What I had achieved was wholly artificial, and vanished anew like a mushroom which has grown up in the night.

I know not whether the demands made on my intellectual faculties increased too fast, or whether my nature could only bear to a certain degree an activity which was not in harmony with it ; at all events, after a violent scene during the arithmetical lesson, our teacher dragged me by the collar into the studio of

my father, loudly lamenting that the stupid child had lost all knowledge even of the simplest parts of the multiplication-table.

This was only too true. I had entangled and ensnared myself so much in a difficult problem that I had lost all distinct idea even of the most rudimentary arithmetical relations. And so it remained. I had conceived an unconquerable horror for mental arithmetic, was no longer tortured with it, but allowed, instead, the mechanical means of reckoning with ciphers—in which, however, I made very little progress.

Meanwhile the teaching of Latin had begun, and History, Geography, and Natural History were continued. But I must to my shame confess that it was nearly all one to me at that time how the Romans called a table, whether *mensa* or something else—whether Sardanapalus was a weakling or a hero—whether the earth was a disc, a globe, or a triangle, and whether the fishes suckled their young or brought them up with cow's milk. In a word, I was thoroughly destitute of the love of knowledge; and I should have much preferred to draw, or to do something else that was practical, in which some tangible result could be seized.

AMUSEMENTS.

My dear school-companion and friend, Alfred Volkmann, a handsome and noble boy, was soon the most

beloved among the playfellows of my childhood, as he certainly was the most distinguished and the most gifted. Rather older, and incomparably more intelligent than I, and superior to me in everything, he had already displayed faculties which gave promise of notable success in the world. He united with the keenest, most perspicacious attention in everything which engaged him conscientious persistency and most energetic industry; therefore he was held up to me as a model for imitation. But it was in another direction that his example was fitted to have a potent effect, for he not merely threw me into the shade by his diligence and talent, but by the most tender and loyal devotedness to his mother. Among other instances, I recall one.

We had—I know not through what fortunate chance—got into our possession a few small coins. I spent my money on a journey in a sedan-chair across the bridge and back again, taking it for granted that Alfred was sure to buy at the baker's shop what with him was a favourite food—warm curd-cake. Instead of doing so, he had, in order to refresh his mother, who was not very well, bought for her from the confectioner in the so-called Green Booth an ice, for she was very fond of ices. Oh, how ashamed of myself I was! Had I not also a mother who was suffering from illness? Yet it had never occurred to me to procure anything to comfort her.

The esteem I cherished toward my friend did not,

however, prevent me from occasionally showing him my temper. Alfred, who certainly knew most things better than I did, was dogmatical, and when contradicted he could be exceedingly disagreeable. I, again, was as sensitive as a spider, and we were both hasty. As is well known, subjects of dispute abound as much among children as among potentates. Thus it came to pass that sometimes when we were playing quietly together an angry dispute would arise, which ended in boxing and tugging till, from exhaustion, we made peace again. With none of my friends have I oftener and more fiercely quarrelled than with Alfred. But I do not remember that we ever parted as foes; when the fighting was at an end the enmity was at an end too, and in love and in hatred we were indispensable to each other so long as we remained together.

Alfred's favourite occupation, like my own, was drawing. He excelled me even in this art; and I strove to rival him in neatness and precision. Usually we copied together the same horseman, or other figure, whatever it might be, from the "Military Scenes" of Sauerweit, which had just appeared; and I remember that it was less my aim to emulate the perfection of the original than to reproduce the charm which the copies of my friend had for me, even in the first sketch.

Our industrial activity, however, was not limited to drawing. We made wood-carvings, and we moulded figures with wax of various colours. For instance, we

moulded small naked negroes, and near them palm trees and cooking fires. To represent the last of these we made use of bright yellow wax. Finally, we tried our skill with pasteboard ; and in general we prepared all our playthings under the guidance of our teacher, who very wisely judged that it was the interest we took in the preparation which was the principal thing.

The most delightful accomplishment Senff taught us was the art of folding paper into certain small triangular shapes called crows, in the preparation of which, however, the last and crowning fold was so difficult that it could not be taught ; rather, on the contrary, as in the comprehension of Schelling's identity-philosophy, a fortunate intellectual intuition was needed, or, in other words, a sublime illumination, before any one could complete the most carefully prepared *crow* by the last finishing touch. This perfect touch we were therefore in the habit of leaving for a considerable time to the chief artist, Senff, till we at last, one after another, learned the trick. "Do you know the last fold ?" was often with us the most important question of the day ; while it was a matter of absolute indifference whether any of us had learned the fifth declension.

However, those little paper figures were, in accordance with Senff's decree, not exactly to represent crows—with which one can do nothing—but rather soldiers, as which our obedient fancy was willing to regard them ; inasmuch as their thoroughly indiffe-

rent form permitted every imaginable interpretation. Yea, our susceptible minds were so enchanted with the little angular shapes as to deem them much more natural than the leaden flat-heads, which look as if they had just escaped from a herbarium.

By varying the colours, and by making slight changes in the folds we were able to represent all the component parts of an army, for Senff had made the discovery that the soldiers, by a clever and final manipulation, could be so changed and stretched out as to do duty as horses quite as successfully as men. Nothing was needed but to mount the foot soldiers on the horses. Finally, out of quills and pieces of whalebone small shooting toys were made which did duty as cannon, and which darted the shot with vehemence across the room.

I scarcely remember anything that gave me more delight than the equipment of this small paper army and our games therewith. By degrees we each of us augmented the number of our troops to eight hundred or a thousand men: and when putting our battalions in order we drew outlines and maps on the floor with chalk. Whoever after ten shots counted the greatest number of dead had to part with a portion of his territory, so that hourly the geographical boundaries were changing in our room as in the wide world beyond us.

Thus toiled and thus played we, and autumn came on, and then winter, till the Christmas time, with its mar-

vellous doings and delights, drew nigh, and marked our occupations with the stamp of secrecy. The playing in common came to an end; every one potttered about and was mechanically ingenious for himself, and no one was allowed to look at what another was doing. This last obligation was laid upon all, which was the more easily kept that every one was too busy with his own particular occupation to take notice of that of any one else, or to expect anything therefrom. Moreover, the old saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive is signally confirmed in the gifts which children make to each other; for the presents of children, apart from the so-called *pretium affectionis*, which the giver alone connects therewith, have as a rule not the slightest worth, and the receiver is always sure that the giver has not made any great sacrifice, but simply could no longer use it.

Where our own artistic skill sufficed not or our materials fell short, we bought what was lacking in the Christmas market, which in Dresden from a particular kind of confection* is called the *Strigel* Market. Eight days before the Christmas Feast, the Dresden *Altmarkt*, or Old Market, was accustomed to be covered with a large number of highly interesting booths, which were illuminated in the evening, and greatly gladdened the eye of the beholder. The gorgeous appearance of the Christmas trees, decorated with tinsel, many-coloured strips of paper, and golden fruits; the small

* A sort of long cake.—Tr.

mangers with the Infant Christ; the ghastly *Ruprechts*,* the chimney-sweeps of baked plums; the peculiar Christmas wax-taper pyramids of all sizes; finally, the movement to and fro of the purchasers, and the courteous allurements offered by the sellers—all this formed a picture which excited or nourished the festive mood.

Here we with eager willingness crowded and lounged in the evening, revelling in the odour of the firs, so rich in pleasant presages, of the wax-tapers, of the gingerbread and of the strigel cakes, which, in a form borrowed from a child in swaddling-clothes, and richly powdered with sugar, lay in front of all the booths dealing in confections, and excited a lion-like appetite. After the minutest examination of everything we bought some small green or red wax-taper pyramids twisted round cardboard, at a *Pfennig*† apiece; so-called *Pfefferkuchenzungen*,‡ at the same price; or a couple of sheets of coloured paper for special use in decorating our private presentation.

Meanwhile, we in our eagerness could never quite wait for the point of time indicated in the calendar, but began some evenings before in alcoves and other unsuspected corners to set up in tasteless fashion our trum-

* The German *Knecht* is, for the most part, the equivalent of the English "servant," though it has many other meanings. *Ruprecht* is Rupert, or Robert. The *Knecht-Ruprecht* is a bugbear to alarm children.—*Tr.*

† A farthing less in value than the English penny.—*Tr.*

‡ Literally, "gingerbread tongues."—*Tr.*

pery, lit some bits of wax-taper and were perpetually giving each other surprises or receiving them, till at last the true Holy Evening came upon us and surprised us all.

,CURIOUS DIVERSIONS.

In the spacious sitting-room of my mother was a beautiful picture, which at some elevation on steps filled the middle part of the principal wall almost to the ceiling. It was a copy of the famous picture by Raphael at Dresden, which my father not long before had completed and given to my mother. This copy was held in as high estimation as the original. It looked exactly like it, but was free from the blemishes which time and early neglect had caused. Before the copy was finished great sums were offered for it; but my father would not part with it; it was to be the palladium of his house, and under the eyes of this Mother of God his children were to grow up. Many blessed remembrances of our childhood's days were connected with this picture, under which we sat, and which I was accustomed to gaze at when my mother on the Sunday morning read the Holy Scripture and taught us to consider well the words of our Saviour. The picture displayed, however, its full enchantment on Christmas Eve, when the numerous tapers were burning, and when, magically illuminated and as if glowing with an internal light, it seemed to live.

This splendid spectacle we enjoyed for the first time

in the year 1809, when the Volkmanns and Senff celebrated the first Christmas with us. All belonging to the little company seemed unwilling to turn away their eyes from the picture, and it seemed almost needful to remind us children that other interesting things were in store for us.

While we drew near to the tables and fixed our eyes on the splendid articles which we had received as gifts, Senff had disappeared. But we heard that he had requested not to be followed. Behold ! when the tapers on the tree were beginning to shed a feebler ray, the folding doors were suddenly thrown open, and a flood of light streamed toward us. Senff had thickly garnished the floor of the large ante-room with hundreds of small lamps, which he formed of nutshells, and grouped into the shape of a half-moon. In the concave part of this Turkish star he had arranged the artistically formed gifts which he had been preparing for us children : for me, a splendid shield with the silver eagle ; for Alfred, an equally beautiful shield with the lion. The effect of the whole was very wonderful ; yet not wonderful enough for Senff's genius of invention.

When all present had gazed enough, the ingenious artist proposed to them to follow him to the back part of the house. There was here a second ante-room, which led to my father's suite of apartments. Senff had built up on the floor the city of Constantinople, with houses, palaces, and mosques made of paper.

Nothing could be more elegant than this paper city. Thickly strewn white sand indicated the land; blue sand the sea, which was alive with ships.

After Senff had given a rapid description of the most striking points, he remarked that Constantinople had often been burned, and therefore he set fire to the first house in the Pera suburb. Soon the flame broke forth, seized the nearest building, then the whole street, rushed toward the other streets, sprang into the wells which were filled with spirits, and spread over the whole city. At last the blaze caught the seraglio, whose numerous towers sparkled up as miniature fireworks, thus concluding the entertainment with the due amount and kind of noisy explosion.

In such fashion as this, our teacher knew how to furnish us with subjects and suggestions continually; for, naturally, we were eager to imitate everything—from the small nutshell lamps up to the small ships and paper buildings. The fortifications and cities, which previously we had merely traced in outline for our warlike sports, now rose to all the dimensions of space, and we acquired in many ways knowledge and skill.

THE POTTERS.

In the open-air we were likewise trained in suitable exercises. Our walks with Senff were pathless journeys of discovery through the woods, which sharpened our sense of locality. We bathed, we clambered and

climbed, we skated; we ran on stilts. In truth, in reference to many of those things, it holds good as with the fish food of the Nāke family—yea, with everything in the world that is to be savoury—we must contribute from our own stores some salt, that is, we must add some illusion. Thus, for instance, we did not simply march on stilts like the peasants who live in the midst of marshes, but we converted, by imagination, our stilts into horses, that received all due care at our hands—which we rode to water, curried, and loved. That our horses consisted of two unconnected halves did not destroy the illusion in the least. We likewise ourselves were no longer boys, but great lords and knights, who engaged in tournaments with each other. Hopping on one stilt, we used the other as a lance, and tried to knock each other down therewith. We attained great cleverness, and ran, sprang, and danced on our stilts almost with as much agility and security as on foot. But the best swimmer is drowned, it is said, and the best fighter is stabbed: so chanced it that, when performing my feats with stilts, I nearly broke my neck.

The street children had, on the winter promenade in front of our house, formed a slide, or to use the technical or local phrase, had made a "Schinder," and this naturally inspired me with the idea of teaching my horse how to "schindern." Taking a long run I sprang vigorously on the slide, but instead of gliding along harmoniously, the two long stilts darted in

different directions, the whole broke down under me, and I fell with such violence on the ice as to be deprived for a time of consciousness.

The wife of our neighbour the master-potter, Thomas, had been sitting at the window, and had seen me fall. She hastened out, lifted me up in her arms, and carried me to my mother, who was not a little terrified. For whether I was dead or alive could not at the first glance be discovered. I speedily however came to myself, and had soon so far recovered as to be able to present in person my thanks to Frau Thomas. Great friendship was forthwith the result, and from that time I failed not to visit frequently the family of these potters. They were very friendly people; but what chiefly attracted me was the factory where not merely pots, but heads and many other works of art were prepared. Formed of soft clay, the beautiful arabesques, lions, griffins, sphinxes, and draped figures after antique models, pleased me almost better than the pictures of my father, because they sprang with such surprising completeness and finish and beauty from the coarse mass, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter.

That my brother as soon as he heard of these marvels began to accompany me may be readily supposed. Like other honest, steady workmen in the factory, we went in and out, and while the potters were busy, we likewise moulded with the clay all kinds of curious things, whereby we strove not only to imitate the

mien and gestures of the potters, but made use of the tools they employed. For the interest we thus showed, the good people now and then invited us to dinner on Sunday. On such occasions the potter's house had a new and different aspect. The factory was closed; white sand was sprinkled on passage and in chamber, and the master-potter, Thomas himself, who on working-days was not very distinguishable from his lumps of clay, appeared in a violet-coloured frock-coat, a splendid flowered vest, and a white cravat. He was a corpulent, somewhat wheezing man; but he inspired me, in the position he occupied, with the most perfect respect.

Possibly the natives of Upper Saxony were at that time the most cultivated people in Europe. At least, they regarded themselves as such. And in truth the citizen class, especially at Dresden, was distinguished by an hereditary urbanity and courtesy which, though laughed at by barbarians, pleased in a high degree. The members of our potter's family could in every respect be regarded as a *Sachsenspiegel*;* therefore my mother without hesitation allowed us to have intercourse with them. Not only toward strangers,

* The code or body of laws of the Saxons, drawn up more than six hundred years ago, first in Latin and then in German. It was the most important German book of law in the Middle Ages, and its influence was great. As the word means Saxon Mirror, or Mirror of the Saxons, the author makes a punning jest to indicate that Herr Thomas and his household were mirrors or models of Saxon good-manners.
—Tr.

but also toward each other the Thomases demeaned themselves most courteously—a rude or unbecoming word was never heard ; and all the domestic relations testified alike of easy circumstances and of the antique decency, sobriety, and order.

Before every meal the house-mother prayed aloud. When the prayer was finished, those present took their places, and ate most of the food in the readiest fashion, that is, straight out of the dish, but yet with so much cleanliness that no disgust was excited. Furthermore they showed that the bit which they put into their mouth was anything but a matter of course ; that, on the contrary, they revered it as the gift of God. Particular veneration was manifested to the bread, to which they were inclined to attribute a species of holiness. To form little balls of the bread, or to mould it into shapes of any sort as an amusement, they regarded as unpardonable wickedness. Therefore, when I occasionally fell into this sin I was very seriously rebuked. Frau Thomas told me that clay was for moulding, but that the precious bread had come from God's hand not to be played with, but to serve for the need and nourishment of the body. He who did not revere bread showed that he was satiated, and from him who was satiated God was sure to withdraw other food and give it to the hungry.

This discourse made me not a little ashamed, and produced on me such a deep impression that I have never forgotten it. Frau Thomas would not have

scolded me if I had formed balls from wax, and then thrown them away ; though more money is paid for wax than for bread. And she made no objections when I loaded my pop-gun with pieces of raw potatoe, which she herself indeed gave me for the purpose, though potatoes serve for the need and nourishment of the body as well as bread. It is neither, however, the worth in money, nor the pleasantness of taste, which gives to bread this glory, but the idea that we connect therewith, since men have been taught to utter the Lord's Prayer—the lofty idea that comprehends all the bodily necessities for which we earnestly entreat ; so that in this bread Luther even includes “a pious spouse, good government, and good neighbours.”

For years I held companionship with my dear Thomas-Christians* till death breaking in scattered the family. In the potter's house my enjoyments were all such as I had cause to be thankful for ; and I therefore feel myself indebted to that fall from the stilts, which was the occasion of my acquaintance with the Thomas family. And experience has taught me that so-called accidents are often nothing more than the price paid for great joys. It was another, not less neckbreaking fall which procured me the pleasure of my first journey on foot.

* A punning allusion to the Christian sect which derived its name from St. Thomas. The name of the potter was Thomas, as no doubt the reader remembers.—Tr.

THE SPEECHLESS ONE.

The landlord of our house must have had the opportunity of procuring wood at a very cheap rate, for in the little garden behind his house was piled up an immense store of wood for many years. This desolate garden was already an image of the accursed field; the heap of wood, however, converted it in a supreme degree into a wilderness. But children and madmen trouble themselves little with the appearance of the reality; for the reality only serves them as a foundation on which to build the most unsubstantial castles in the air. Thus I lived on excellent terms with those stacks of wood, which I could not have dispensed with, and which afforded me infinitely more pleasure than the most elegant flower-beds, and all things which in gardens are regarded as ornamental. I clambered therefore round the piles of wood, climbed them like mountains, viewed them as castles or fortresses, which could be stormed or defended.

Of the highest of these citadels I had taken formal possession. It leaned against the garden-wall, and towered up to the crown of the old lindens in the next garden, which, therefore, spread their foliage over it. Under this canopy of leaves I, hidden from all the world, dreamed away the most delightful hours, heard close to me, on the branches, the cockchafer humming, and scented the sweet odour of the young linden blossoms.

As one beautiful afternoon I was sitting in the most enchanting shade of the foliage, and had cut from the fir-bark which was so abundantly spread around me what was to be formed into a boat, I perceived above me something that had a strong resemblance to a nest. To see the better, I stepped back farther and farther, till, in total forgetfulness of my situation, I came so near the brink of the pile of wood that I lost my foothold. The open knife in one hand, the bark boat, which I had just began, in the other, I fell head over heels about seven feet, and came down on my back.

Through God's gracious keeping, I did not break my neck. Immediately I started up, and yearned under the spell of terror to draw a deep breath ; but the organs of respiration refused to perform their duty. After repeated and fruitless efforts to snatch a mouthful of air, I fell into the most horrible anguish. I ran to my brother, who was lounging in the ruined summer-house, and giving lessons in marching to cockchafers, to tell my misfortune ; but I could not get a single sound out, and strove in vain with the most desperate gesticulations to make myself in some degree intelligible. Thereupon the little fellow, who had not the slightest idea of my mishap, was so excessively amused that he was ready to die with laughter. To force him to be serious, I was about, in my intolerable pain, to smite him fiercely, when at last the obstruction yielded somewhat, and, though with difficulty, I breathed a little. Oh ! sweeter than the most cordial or cooling

drink ever tasted, was this half cubic inch of the breath of life, for which I would gladly have given all my paper soldiers.

"I have fallen from the *citadel*," I said. Then the little fellow discovered what was wrong, and became as sympathising as he had previously been merry. At my request he rubbed my back with all his strength, till the respiration had been at least so far restored that I could attempt to walk to the house and to climb up the steps.

The physician who was called in ordered me to have continual movement in the open air. Accordingly next morning Senff, with us and the Volkmann children, started for Tharand, which was three miles distant from Dresden. Of this small journey very little, and yet very much, has remained to me, the remembrance namely of extraordinary happiness. In the Tharand region we roamed about incessantly, now and then resting at the beautiful points. At last, after a ramble extending over four or five sunny days in spring, my difficulty of respiration gradually vanished without leaving any trace, and we returned to Dresden and to our customary order of life.

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN A PLEASURE JOURNEY.

IN the political world peace, as a wholly exceptional thing, now prevailed ; but a peace such as Napoleon was in the habit of making—a peace which contained in itself the germ of new wars. The two mightiest men of that time, Napoleon and Alexander, had, it is true, at Erfurt entered with brotherly liberality into a covenant respecting the European Continent ; but the consequences of this covenant neither of the two emperors seemed to regard as tolerable. Already in the following year estrangement began, for neither had Russia during the Austrian war done enough to satisfy French expectations, nor did the peace of Vienna correspond to Russian requirements. The subsequent encroachments likewise of France in North Germany, as well as the continual violations by Russia of the Continental system, could not be fitted to restore mutual confidence. Between the two powers ensued a barren exchange of notes, and our Esthonian relations earnestly urged us

in the summer of 1810 to return, if my father did not want to lose the money he had invested in Russia.

Thus then it came to pass that the old plans anew rose up before us. The yellow carriage was again brought out of the coach-house, and entrusted to the coachmaker to be made more convenient and comfortable. There was some talk of bringing under the auctioneer's hammer all the movables, everything that could be dispensed with; and counsel was taken with competent persons about the transport of the pictures and other things from which it was impossible to part. That the journey must take place next spring we children could not doubt, and our imagination was already kindled when looking forward to the delights and the dangers of our future travels.

However, among the peculiar characteristics of my father one was, that stirred by momentary impressions he formed plans and worked them out in his brain, which afterwards were dissipated into the air or utterly forgotten. For instance, I remember that about the year 1808 a settlement at Rome was planned, much to the alarm of all friends. Yea, even Constantinople was spoken of as the most beautiful spot on the earth where man could dwell—only we must wait till the Russians had conquered it.

My father was an independent man. He could dwell where he liked, and, perchance it delighted him to be sometimes conscious of this freedom. In truth, however, he was so well pleased with his actual

residence that he declined a very advantageous call given him by the Berlin Academy, preferring to be titular professor in Dresden without any salary. Thus then the Russian plans when the time grew near became dim and doubtful again—this time perhaps, as always, for very substantial reasons; for on nearer and clearer examination of the matter, it might seem convincing that a residence in a city likely to remain at peace was to be preferred to the transference of the whole family to the theatre of war.

I, however, into whom the unrest of the bird of passage had entered, thought otherwise. The longing for a change of place had gone so thoroughly into my blood, into the very substance of my being, and the accustomed life I had so expressly and emphatically buried, that it was almost a horror to me to see the corpse thereof reanimated. With eagerness, therefore, I seized on a small compensation which the kindness of circumstances offered me. My teacher, Senff, intended visiting his aged parents, who lived in Halle, and had offered to take me with him. Here I had at least what I so much wished—a journey; and to this day I believe that it was the pleasantest journey I ever took.

Many a one goes for his amusement and recreation to Paris and London and returns disenchanted, because, like Nicolai when travelling in Italy, he finds indeed heat, discomfort, and fleas, but not what he went to seek, amusement and recreation. Halle, to be sure, is

not exactly a place to which any one would go for pleasure. If we except the illustrious names of some of the professors in the University, scarcely anything notable remains; and professors are not objects of strong interest or desire for boys of my age. The benignity and kindness, however, which I there experienced have made the brown-coal city so dear to me that my heart still grows warm when my way leads me to Halle again.

In a light basket-carriage, of which Senff himself was the driver, we left Dresden on a beautiful summer morning of the year 1811. We swept delighted out by the White Gate, and along the Elbe to Meissen, where we halted to dine, and to survey the celebrated cathedral, where spite of my ignorance or perchance in consequence thereof, the interior made the profoundest impression on me. Above all, I was interested by an object which by connoisseurs is not much regarded, and which was only shown to us in passing. This was an old pyx of the high choir, and from the total absence of ornament it differed but little from a common small wall-press in which bread and cheese are kept. But at all times the ear heard in the cavity a very singular sound, like that made by the heaving and rushing of enormous flames. The sexton told us that in Catholic times this was a walled-up entrance to purgatory, but that no one now knew how the sound arose. Senff, on the contrary, maintained that the whole thing was quite natural. It might be assumed, he thought, that be-

hind the interior wall of this little press a subterranean passage ran, which produced a current of air and caused the crackling sound. Perhaps it was a trick of those olden days to terrify the superstitious people. But the elevating and edifying impressions of the ancient cathedral under which I stood, did not permit me to accept such a profane interpretation; and as, moreover, I believed I could easily distinguish currents of air from flames of fire, I inclined to the Catholic view of the matter. I scarcely remember that any sermon exhorting to repentance ever touched my heart and conscience so deeply as this *demonstratio ad aures*, which totally discomfited all doubt. It is true I confounded purgatory with hell. And under that belief I asked myself why the men of a former day should not have found the entrance to hell; and why if this was not so they should have walled up the chasm which, according to Senff, existed behind the niche.

The spot so fascinated me that I could not leave it. In a stooping position, with bated breath, with fixed eyes, with open mouth I devoured with greedy ear the tones of the mysterious cavity, tried to catch the ghastly sound of the invisible flames, till at last Senff took me by the hand and dragged me away. But like a dreamer I from that moment trod the floor of the vast edifice; my thoughts were occupied alone with that terrible place whence love and faith and hope have for ever vanished.

THE PARSONAGE GARDEN.

After three days which were very hot and dusty, we with our pony reached Halle and the house of Senff's parents, who gave us a very hospitable reception. Senff's father was the first pastor whom I had occasion to come into close contact with, and the first and oldest of a long array of good men of the same profession with whom I became acquainted. The cheerful dignity of his character, as well as the heedful kindness of his wife, made me so quickly feel at home that in compliance with their wish I from the very first evening called the two excellent old people grandfather and grandmother.

Not less was I delighted with a third person, a nice little girl of thirteen years, called Lorchén. If I am not mistaken, she was the orphan of kinsfolk of the Senff family; and grandmother Senff was bringing her up with faithfulness and care, that she might in after-years be a comfort and a stay to herself. Lorchén immediately took me by the hand and led me out by the back door of the house into the garden, whose beauty agreeably surprised me. The cool evening air, enriched with the perfume of the white lilies which bloomed in large numbers among the centifolious roses, was after the hot journey on the dusty roads so refreshing that I felt as if carried to Heaven.

"Here we must play every day," said Lorchén; "and I intend to show you everything."

In truth, the garden was very lovely—at least it was, when compared with our Dresden wood-yard, a paradise. Surrounded by high walls, it resembled those small, snug monastic gardens whose principal charm consists in their privacy. At the back stood the parsonage, with its outbuildings. To the right ran one of the side walls of the hoary Moritz Church, with its painted windows and its buttresses; in the deep recesses grew lilacs and other shrubs. Opposite rose, covered with ivy, some separating walls of neighbouring buildings. And straight in front of it was a portion of the old crenellated city wall, which shut out the whole from the Saale, which ran by. The interior of the garden completely corresponded to its antique environments. Gravelled paths laid out at right angles, bordered with box-tree, and close to beds of flowers traversed the luxuriant strawberry and vegetable plots, that were varied here and there by dwarf trees. Round the summer-house, which leaned against the above-mentioned city wall, stood in earth-tubs myrtles, oleanders, and laurels. This is a faithful description of the place, if my memory is faithful.

Lorchen and I went along the broad principal path, and entered the summer-house. The sweet perfume of flowers filled the small arbour, and on the table stood a plate filled with strawberries, which Lorchen had with due forethought gathered for me. She taught me also how to fix the delicious fruit on spikes of stiff

grass, and to eat gracefully, and partook of the strawberries herself in the fashion she recommended. Then we climbed together the city wall to look round. We took our position in an old dilapidated embrasure, from the stones of which sprang in abundance wild flowers—camomile, blue-bells, and meadow-sage—and we were soon the best friends in the world. Lorchén was interpreter to me of the views we enjoyed of the stream and the suburbs, and had wonderful things to tell about the Halloren.* At last my eye turned in the direction of the old church. This she forthwith proposed to show me; and we again crossed the garden, making trial of the corpulent gooseberries, which had just begun to ripen. Through a side-door which Lorchén opened, we entered the church.

ERUDITE DISCOURSE ON THE MORITZ CHURCH.

Whether the Moritz Church, which since that time I have never more seen, corresponds to the image which remains of it in my mind, I cannot say; at all events it produced upon me then a very imposing effect. The *chiaro-oscuro* of the vast space, the lofty arches, the resonance of our steps, the old banners and epitaphs, the red light of the setting sun falling here and there on the stone of the old pillars—all these things filled me with reverence and amazement, so that involuntarily I pulled off my cap and marched in silence

* A *Haller* is the name given to a workman in the salt-mines at Halle.

beside my cheerful guide, who did not seem to share my emotion, and, as if she was here at home, hastened from one object to another, and in a loud voice called my attention to everything remarkable. Suddenly I perceived a dark figure as large as life fixed to a pillar—a black knight heavily armed from head to foot, who with his dust-covered visage glowered with indifference into space. On the jagged border of his coat of mail hung, according to the fashion of the Middle Ages, many little bells. Lorchén raised her hand and said that that was the knight Moritz, who had caused the Moritz Church to be built.

I gave it as my opinion that he had a wicked face, and Lorchén informed me that he had been by no means a good man.

“But why,” I asked, “has he so many little bells?”

Lorchén replied that these were necessary, in order that people might be on their guard against him.

In this reciprocal enjoyment of narrating and of hearing narration, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible. We sat down together in a pew facing the wicked knight, whom I could now contemplate at leisure, while my charming companion told the following story :—

“The knight Moritz dwelt up there on the Moritzburg, an old castle which we must by-and-by visit. He was a perverse mortal, who did and caused much evil in the region round, and lived at enmity with every one. He had, however, a pious sister called

Elsbeth, who went continually among the people, loaded the poor with gifts, healed the sick, and sought to make it good when her wicked brother had wronged any one.

“Now it came to pass that once at table the knight fell into a violent dispute with the chaplain of the castle. Though the priest was not less perverse than his master, yet he was a feeble old man. When they had both therefore been eating and drinking to excess, the knight began to mock and laugh at parsons and the Church. One fierce word led to another, till knight and chaplain became furious, and Fräulein Elsbeth, from anxiety and terror, grew pale. At last the knight struck the table with his iron fist, so that the drinking-cups were upset, called the priest a sot, and said that if ever again he wanted to eat dump-lings and to get something to drink with them, he would send him to the devil. The priest, however, feared neither God nor man; moreover, he despised the knight because the knight could neither read nor write, and had to kneel to him in the confessional. He therefore started to his feet and to his fullest height, stretched forth toward the lord of the castle his skeleton fingers, and hurled at him a curse so awful that Fräulein Elsbeth was almost dead from fear. Then the knight kicked the table over, seized the priest, lifted him up in the air, and flung him with such force against one of the windows of the apartment that the window-frame, glass panes, priest and all

fell headlong into the castle-ditch. When this deed had been done, the knight remained standing without moving and as if turned to stone in the midst of the apartment.

"There then he stood like a Roland's statue, till the good Elsbeth, who had rushed down the stairs, again entered.

"'The priest is dead!' she said.

"She burst into a flood of tears, wrung her hands, and conjured her brother to make his peace with the Church, otherwise he must forsake land and people, ere the wind passed over the oat-stubble.

"When the knight heard this his body shook so that all the rings on his shirt of mail rattled. He ordered his black steed to be saddled and rode to the Petersberg, where formerly a large monastery stood; here lived an old and holy abbot—to him the knight confessed everything, and prayed for absolution. The abbot listened to the tale with horror, and swore by his patron and guardian, St. Peter, that the knight should be placed under the ban and excluded from all Christian communion, both in time and eternity, unless, for the sake of God and in honour of St. Moritz, he erected a church so long and so broad that neither in the land of Thuringia nor in the land of Meissen it had its equal.

"Thereupon the peasants in all the knight's villages had task-work imposed upon them, and had to bring stones with their carts and waggons. The masons

swung their hammers, the carpenters wielded their axes, and the huge pile rose like a miraculous creation heavenward. But the knight took his post hour after hour close to the building, and urged the workmen to haste, for he had no peace in his soul, and could not wait patiently till the first mass was sung in the new church and he was delivered from the ban. When, therefore, he found the people absent from work or idling, he knocked one down after another, and cudgelled the offenders soundly.

"Then the good Elsbeth imagined a device whereby the poor work-people could be protected. She sewed little bells to the knight's coat of mail, and as she told him that this was both beautiful in itself and increased his martial air, he allowed it with pleasure to be done. When, therefore, he was coming from the Moritzburg, those engaged on the building immediately heard the sound, and all were as busy as bees when he came jingling his bells. But spite of the greater quiet the work now went on faster than before, when the workmen from pure terror were driven out of their wits. After three years the immense edifice was completed. Then the knight delivered a discourse, praising the architect extravagantly; but in the night he caused him to be seized and walled up in the high choir,* so that for a long time no one knew what had become of him."

* *Hohes Chor* is the German name of the place where, in cathedrals and collegiate churches, ecclesiastical dignitaries sit.—*Tr.*

The story seemed now at an end, for Lorchén rose and led me into the choir, where I saw glowering from the wall the corpse-like head of a man with a small four-cornered cap.

“Here he is!” she cried.

When I asked what offence the architect had been guilty of, she replied that she did not know. Possibly, however, the knight was afraid that the gifted master might somewhere else build a still larger and broader church than the Moritz Church. However, this was the last crime the knight committed—not from any improvement in his character, but because at the festivities, when the new church was consecrated, he had a stroke of apoplexy and fell down all his length dead.

I now looked at the tombstone of the knight Moritz; and the long, extended figure of an armed man in bas-relief seemed to confirm the words of my guide, that he “fell down all his length dead.” On a neighbouring tombstone lay the representation, likewise in bas-relief, of the good Elsbeth, which had also a somewhat apoplectic look.

When darkness was coming on we left the church.

LORCHEN.

The days in Halle glided on agreeably and swiftly. My teacher did not burthen me with work—perhaps to spare me—perhaps, also, to spare himself. In the morning I wrote, with letters half an inch long, in

my diary, which from time to time, under the witty title Senff gave it—"Meister Wilhelm's Wanderjahre" *—was sent to my parents. That was the extent of my toil; and, that apart, I was allowed to do what I liked, unless I preferred doing what Lorchén liked, who was glad to devote her time to me, and whose command I willingly obeyed.

Under these circumstances, it happened one fine afternoon that I was present when the grown-up folks were drinking coffee, which I was not allowed to taste, and tired of their conversation, which I did not understand, I put my hand in my pocket and found there a piece of packthread. This immediately gave birth to certain ideas in my mind. I ran off into the garden, bridled a broken bean-pole as a riding-horse, and transformed a pink-flower stick into a sword by an extemporised hilt. For the belt there was not enough of packthread remaining—I therefore thrust the weapon through one of the button-holes; and thus equipped I marched like a valiant knight to show myself to Lorchén.

She looked at my sword, praised it, and made me a present of a beautiful sky-coloured ribbon, which she forthwith put on me as a shoulder-belt. Then she plucked a lily-stalk, with its odorous white flowers,

* As one of Goethe's works is entitled "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," the likeness between "Meister Wilhelm" and "Wilhelm Meister" is made to do duty for a joke. The *Wanderjahre* are the travelling years of the journeyman after he has finished his apprenticeship.—*Tr.*

and gave it to me with the remark that knights must always have lilies in their hand. Moreover, she said that she intended to remain in the summer-house, and that I could come to her there when I was tired of riding.

I made my horse caper in all fashions—made it gallop in every direction—made it spring over the beds and borders of the garden, and was not yet tired when I went to the summer-house. Lorchén sat at the entrance with a book. Her fresh complexion and her dark hair, in which she had meanwhile placed a white rose, harmonised gracefully with her sky-blue garment; and now for the first time I saw that my friend was pretty.

As I approached she cried to me that she had been delighted by a beautiful story, and that if I liked she would read it to me. Of course I was pleased with the proposal, and sat down gladly beside her; and she declaimed to me, in a clear voice, Schiller's "Glove,"* and made me acquainted, for the first time, with the writings of the great poet. Oh! how the melodious lines, with their ease and grace, stole into my ear, and crowded my imagination with a striking variety of the sweetest images. I thought I had never heard anything so beautiful, and assuredly I did not deceive myself.

Lorchén asked me how the poem pleased me.

* *Der Handschuh*, a poem by Schiller.—Tr.

"Extremely," said I, mounted my bean-pole again, and darted away through the garden.

I was, naturally, the knight Delorges, and Lorchén, Kunigunde; but I promised to myself not to leave her on that account. When I returned to the summer-house it was my turn to read. I took the book, and read with the steadiness of a "*Cantor*,"* while Lorchén gazed earnestly at the sky, and waved up and down the lily-stalk which she had taken from my hands. Thus the reading went on, each of us taking a turn; and I had great joy in this learned entertainment.

Such amusements were repeated almost daily. I darted through the garden with a rapidity as eager as if I had miles to journey over, and then returned to the summer-house where Lorchén was waiting to receive me, and to invigorate me with strawberries, gooseberries, and plums. Then we entered together the enchanted grove of poetry. We read Schiller's and Bürger's ballads, and other things which I have forgotten. In truth, I know not where the excellent maiden got the patience which enabled her to occupy herself so perseveringly with me, stupid boy that I was. No doubt I at that time stood nearer to the dreamy fancies of childhood than to the interests

* The *Cantor* in the German schools is the teacher of music generally and of church music in particular, though it is often simply the title given to an elementary teacher. In the cathedral and collegiate schools of an older date, the *Cantor* had a variety of important and honourable duties.—*Tr.*

of later years ; and in her solitariness, living retired as she did with two old people, my society might be more agreeable to her than none. But for Lorchén it would not have been easy for me to remain free from homesickness, to which I was always inclined. She gave to those days, spent away from home, sweetness and sunshine, and was so charming and dealt so kindly with me that of her pleasant face and manners I cannot think without emotion.

THE FOOD-SLEEP AND THE FIRST CORPSE.

Among the out-of-doors recreations which fell to my lot in Halle was an excursion up to Friedeburg, at the foot of the Petersberg, where an elder brother of my tutor was pastor. The grandfather, grandmother, and Lorchén went with us ; and all kinds of rural pastimes were not wanting—we took walks, we had repasts in the open air, we made and received visits, and so on.

But what pleased me best was the gooseberries in the garden of the parsonage ; and among the clustering gooseberry-bushes Lorchén and I were often to be found. We devoured more voraciously than the most destructive caterpillars. As, once intent on this business we approached the arbour of honeysuckle and woodbine where the grown-up folks were drinking coffee, smoking, and paying no attention to us, it came to pass that I paused in my eating, and listened eagerly to the singular stories that the elder brother Senff and his wife were telling for the general entertainment.

These communications had reference to a phenomenon which then excited universal interest, because it was regarded as a conclusive proof, from experience, of the independent existence of the human soul, and with which I now for the first time became acquainted.

Lorchen had already informed me that the Friedeburg Senffs had a daughter who no considerable time before had been attacked by a chronic disease in a mysterious manner. The girl's body had, Lorchen said, undergone at the hands of her mother a process of manipulation, which was continued till the girl had a presentiment of the future, and even stated the means needful to her cure—means involving the application of a new method. Here standing among the gooseberry-bushes I listened to further details.

The patient, a young maiden of Lorchen's age or a little older, had without any discoverable external cause fallen into that mysterious state when the soul without sensible medium or mediation has a distinct and penetrative perception of the external world. During this state of clairvoyance she had ordered for herself a persistent magnetic treatment; which, however, the physician did not carry out, but her own mother, chosen by herself for the purpose. The relation which, in consequence, was established between mother and daughter, was of the most charming kind, and much was said regarding it. Under reciprocally intensified inclination they lived a psychical life in a great measure common to

both; and when asleep the patient saw her mother as an angel, in a form so radiant and glorious that she could find no words to describe it. Meanwhile, she depicted clearly and distinctly the means to be employed for her restoration, and indicated the day and the hour when she was to be roused from her sleep. By "waking," however, she did not understand what in common life would be better designated as "lulling to slumber;" for strangely enough she spoke of the deathlike magnetic sleep as "being awake," while she called the normal waking state of life "food-sleep." When her health was improving, and when for the last time she was "awake" in her peculiar fashion, she knew this and lamented it bitterly; she lamented that the sight of her mother transfigured into celestial beauty was to be withdrawn from her.

"Again in heaven, mother," she said, weeping, "I shall see you as I see you now, beautiful, divinely beautiful."

The patient was now rapidly and completely cured, and when we came to Friedeburg, she was, perhaps to confirm her health, residing with some friends at a distance, and continued to be in the "food-sleep." Her absence prevented me of course from seeing her.

All this was what I now learned from the conversation of the grown-up folks, and what, in later years, was corroborated by my tutor, Senff. And certainly it was enough to excite in an imaginative child the most various thoughts. One of them was, that I

had now the key to that halo which not long before had hovered round the head of my teacher. I felt as if at that time I might have been to some extent in a state of clairvoyance, and, in that case, had enjoyed a capability which I would gladly have carried to perfection at least once, namely, to see my mother in the form to be worn by her in heaven. The impressions, however, of that period so crowded on each other or thrust each other aside, that I could not be impressed by any special event or single current of thought.

Having returned to Halle, we, among our other engagements, spent an evening at the house of Senff's second brother, who was an anatomist and professor of clinical medicine. What first struck me was a certain sickly yet noisome and nondescript smell which met me the moment I entered the house, and pervaded every apartment. The cause, however, was at once manifest; for on the walls of the ante-room was conspicuous a rich collection of anatomical preparations, which, in spirits as clear as water, consisted of all kinds and species of things the most inexpressible.

Children have in their collections scarcely any objects except æsthetical objects; they are accustomed to arrange their butterflies and seals only for the satisfaction of the eye. Yet what could induce a grown man not merely to treasure carefully such disgusting abortions, tumors and ulcers, but to make

an ostentatious display of them, as seemed to be here the case, was to me incomprehensible. If this collection had any charm at all, it must have been that of the modern French novel—the charm of the horrible; for while the grown people were amusing themselves and laughing in the neighbouring room, I stood a long time by myself in the front of those glass jars, and gazed with pleasurable detestation at what was so profoundly repugnant to me. Feeling already somewhat unwell, I was called to supper, and I was subjected to a new trial. The guests were fortunately already preparing to leave, when a workman entered and gave to the professor a considerable parcel wrapped in blue sugar-paper. The professor seemed so supremely delighted, that I expected to see unveiled a huge mass of ginger-bread, or an appetising cake, which some grateful baker had sent for effective medical assistance. Instead of such delicacies there lay on the table, after the wrappings had been removed, the small naked corpse of a child in a revolting state of corruption.* Visibly delighted, the learned man felt and stroked this undoubtedly in no small degree instructive body, gave the man some money, and said to the maid, “Carry it into the cellar.”

Whether other causes conspired I know not, but

* The original is fitter for a medical treatise than for a production of pure literature; therefore I have euphemised a little.—*Tr.*

this I know, that my bed that night was the scene of an explosion which alarmed the whole house.*

MY SECRET.

That Halle is a place where young people can acquire what is profitable and arrive at new views, must already be obvious from what precedes. But the most important thing I have kept in reserve.

My mother, who in her childhood had been terribly wearied and tormented by abstract religious instruction, given by an old governess, must no doubt have wished to save us from a like burthen and a like bore. With the consent and approval of my father therefore, and of the parents of my playfellows, the Volkmanns, religion was excluded from our school programme. Godliness was not to be treated like the Latin grammar; it was not to be a school-torture—it was rather to be an affair of the heart,—elevation, consolation, and joy. And assuredly, when our mother occasionally in the leisure hours spoke to us children of divine things, there was nothing to tire or annoy—there was only heart-raising edification. That these conversations, which we all loved, had religion alone as their subject or object, we had not the slightest notion or presentiment. By religion we understood something apart—something for children unapproachable, to speak of which would

* Here the author is himself euphemistic, and wishes simply to say that he was sick in the night.—Tr.

have betrayed on our part extreme affectation. When, therefore, Ludwig Engelhard once mentioned religion among the things taught at his school, we found this as unsuitable for his years as if he had been instructed in astrology or the Cabala; and we asked our teacher whether it could be true.

In order that religion might not be distasteful to us, we were spared all methodical religious instruction; and, for the same reason, we entered no church, with the exception of the Catholic, which Senff, on account of the musical performances, sometimes visited, accompanied by us. In perfect agreement on this point with our parents, our teachers probably thought that we could understand nothing of the sermon, must be fatigued, and, finally and worst of all, carry into our riper years a dislike to all public worship. From that evil there was the fervent wish to preserve us; but experience showed that the very opposite of what was attempted was attained.

Though at Halle I was now living in a clergyman's house, and though this adjoined the house of God like a nest, I was yet treated according to the same secular principles; and when, on the first Sunday morning which I spent at Halle, all the others went to church, my remaining at home seemed a matter of course. I knew nothing different, and had no desire for a thing I did not know. Left alone, I first of all wrote a few lines in my diary; then, to get rid of the irksomeness, I ran about the house,

till, at last, I accidentally found the garret-door open.

Lumber-rooms and garrets have for children a very considerable mysterious interest. I immediately set to work to rummage among the old rubbish of the house, when my attention was suddenly turned to another object. It seemed to me that I heard words spoken. I listened: the voice was silent. But then there floated toward me and around me marvellous tones, swelling ever more grandly, like those of the organ I had heard in the Catholic church at Dresden. Then there was a transition to concordant sounds, and mighty and full-voiced song came rising to the solitary garret. I stood there with mouth and ears open, like one bewitched. But soon the spirit of inquiry, which Senff had cultivated, was aroused. I resolved to discover the cause of the wondrous manifestation. I examined the place till I perceived in the gable wall a four-cornered opening, which did not seem to communicate with the outer world.

Through that opening the stream of sounds rushed in. I made for myself a ladder with a couple of trunks, squeezed my small pliable body into the deep hollow of the window, which I almost completely filled. There I cowered, hidden like a young swallow, and gazed into the upper interior of the Moritz Church, and even caught sight of the pulpit when I stooped forward, which, from the risk of falling down, I shrank from doing too boldly.

Hitherto, as has been said, I had been a stranger in the house of my God—I had no idea of public worship. With a sermon addressed to a congregation, and music sung by a congregation, I was alike unacquainted. Of all this I was on that day, for the first time, a witness; and what I felt is unspeakable. Children are capable of, and disposed to, the highest emotional excitement; so that, with all my lack of religion, I was, in my hole in the wall, more devotional than any of the congregation who in the church praised God with a loud voice. If I had sat in the midst of the congregation, I should probably not have been so deeply moved. But this worship of God had for me the charm of concealment—the charm spoken of by Solomon, of bread eaten in secret; for “no coal, no fire, can burn so hotly as secret love, of which no one knows.” And this love can be transferred to devotion.

The organ was hushed, and the sermon began. With eager curiosity I stooped forward; did not, however, fall down; beheld, on the contrary, Grandfather Senff, in his black gown. I could hear all his words; and they seemed to me very pious and good, though I scarcely understood what was the subject of discourse—that, nevertheless, is a small affair, if we are edified.

However, when the “Amen!” was uttered, and the Prayers began, I felt that I had had enough. I crept out of my hard nest, descended, stretched myself to

my great relief, and resolved to keep to myself my precious secret. I kept it, indeed, till next Sunday, when Lorchén discovered me in my peeping-place, and would not allow me to creep up again to the window-hollow. She sat with me on a trunk till the singing was over; but to that spot I returned no more.

THE HARTZ JOURNEY.

After a residence of perhaps a fortnight in Halle, our pilgrimage was to conclude with an excursion to the mountains, in which Senff's father, who was seventy-five years old, and his brother the professor, were to accompany us; so that we exactly filled a carriage.

Professor Senff was a tolerably corpulent, somewhat pock-marked, very jovial man, with a broad chest and a short neck. He was one of those persons who prefer to go about in their shirt-sleeves, and never put on a neckcloth, and carry their hat on a stick. A capital swimmer, he was also a vigorous pedestrian. He was full of wit and humorous fancies, and he had me so completely in his power, that one of his looks sufficed to make me laugh most obstreperously. When he liked he could assume a look of extreme stupidity; and this aspect of doltishness he put on whenever those in the carriage were silent and drowsy. Immediately burst forth uproarious laughter. He could eat six score of cherries without spitting out the stones. Then he brought the stones all singly out

of his mouth; and when they were counted not one was missing. I strove my best and my utmost to imitate this trick during the whole of the journey, but I could never get beyond twenty stones, and even then my jaws ached.

We travelled by way of Mansfeld, and dined at the old castle of the Counts of Mansfeld, where, at that time, only an innkeeper resided, though to be sure it was during the period of the Westphalian kingdom. Of the historical importance of the Counts of Mansfeld, Senff had told me all that it was needful to know, so that I was not unprepared, when I rambled through the simple and decaying apartments of their former chief habitation. I was especially interested by the underground regions, the extensive cellars, and the connecting passages, all of which we surveyed by lamp-light. In the immense vault under the church—which was, if I am not mistaken, the burying-place of the Counts—I had, hastening before the others, ventured too far, when the voice of the guide thundered to me, “Stop, young gentleman!” Not a moment too soon, Professor Senff seized me by the collar; otherwise I should have vanished like the ghost in *Hamlet*, and fallen into a chasm which, close to my feet, led straight down to awful depths.

Chasms or pits of the like kind abounded, according to the guide’s statement, in these cellars, to furnish air to passages still deeper, whose termination no one knew; and the idea of such a boundless subterranean world,

which even to the inhabitants of the castle was an unknown land, filled me with astonishment and awe. The Mansfeld Castle was the first ancient edifice of the kind I had had an opportunity of seeing. My feelings when in it were of the strangest description. It seemed to me as if a long-departed but mighty Time flapped over me its weird wings, and peopled my brain with richest dreams. With a longing unknown to me till then—a longing turned toward that which has irrevocably fled—I lingering, and often looking round and back, left the hoary walls of the famous castle.

Not less profoundly the impressions, if not the incidents of the remainder of the journey, stamped themselves on my mind. I saw for the first time a mountain, stood high on the Brocken, drew full draughts of breath above mists and clouds, and, penetrated by the horrors of the subterranean world, descended into the crystalline bowels of the earth.

How keen are the feelings and the emotions of children! Without any special excitement, I have seen all again I saw there; and, as an example, I cannot understand how that damp, dark cavern, the Baumannshöhle,* could have struck me so much. In truth, everything was more beautiful and characteristic than it is now. The Hartz was then a remote range of wooded mountains, which, grandly picturesque and

* The *Baumannshöhle* is a cave in the Hartz mountains, so called from the miner Baumann, who, about two hundred years ago, explored it for the first time.—*Tr.*

with no vulgarised roads, cleft the valleys. Straight highways with shadeless rows of fruit trees, or even as at present railroads, then there were not. In the Bodethal, neither waiters nor hotels were seen; the noise of skittle-grounds was not heard, and no confectioner had settled under the shadow of the rocky eminences. Unadorned, unembellished, the Falkenstein still stood in its original simplicity, and the stalactites of the caves, now blackened by the smoke of fire-works, were as pure and as white as snow. People travelled, it is true, more uncomfortably, but with so much more abundant enjoyment; for with the price we pay for anything the value of the thing increases.

The last point we touched at in the Hartz was Ballenstedt. With indifference I gazed at the white castle and the garden, with no presentiment that as a fugitive I was soon to return, and still less foreboding what profound significance this small place was to have for my later life.

From Halle the homeward journey was begun, and there was no halt till Dresden had been reached.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COMET AND MARGRETHE.

IN Dresden I did not feel at first at all at my ease; not because I had seen the world—Halle, Ballenstedt, Brocken, and Baumannshöhle—but because I did not meet again the customary household associations. Bitterly I missed my mother. After leaving the Radeberg baths, of whose medicinal virtue she yearly made trial, she had, at the desire of the physician, gone with my sister to occupy, for the rest of the summer, a rural abode standing in a vineyard. My father passed most of his time at this place of retirement; and as the Volkmanns had not yet returned from a residence on their estate, Tschorta, near Leipsic, my brother and I were for a time left in Dresden with no other companion than our teacher, Senff.

Desolate as we were, we could find no charm either in our studies or our games. Perpetually longing for our parents, for enjoyment, and for freedom, we reckoned all the week-days as mere

noughts to complete the numerator, Sunday, which we were in the habit of spending together as a family at Loschwitz, in our rural home. And in truth it was no dog's affair, as the students say, after six hot and weary days devoted to school-tasks, to awake on the Sunday morning on the vine-clad heights of a little paradise. Without being roused by any one, we darted from bed at the earliest hour—even before five o'clock. On the contrary, in Dresden, even when Senff shouted to us and shook us, we were scarcely ready even at seven o'clock to leave our couch.

The first thing I did was, just as I was—just as I sprang from the blankets—to rush into the open air, where, as a rule, Gottlieb Braun, a son of the gardener and a stalwart lad of my own age, was waiting for me. He, like me, was accustomed to appear at this early hour in undress—that is to say, with nothing but his shirt on. We went then with naked feet pleasantly through the dewy grass to the fountain, in whose fresh water we washed ourselves. Here Gottlieb was a master. He taught me to fill my mouth full of water, and to blow it with great noise and in strong streams against my open hands, whence it darted back to my face. I soon, however, surpassed my instructor, for I sprang bodily into the trough—which Gottlieb did not dare to do, for he was inseparable from his shirt. His mother was in the habit every year, on Midsummer's-day, of sewing on his body a new shirt, which he had then

to wear for twelve months, at the end of which it was thrown, a worn-out rag, over the hedge.

When we had bathed, one joy chased another, and it was easy to forget that there were such things in the world as lessons in arithmetic and Latin grammar. About my mother, who was nevertheless my chief joy, I did not trouble myself much. When we children were scampering about—damming up the flow of the fountain and making inundations, or digging caves in the sand of the vine-covered hill, in which occupation there was no Burkhard to frighten us—my mother was with my father and with the friends who came as visitors on Sunday. Still it was essentially the knowledge that my mother was near which made those days so sweet and bright—which gave their savour to games and food, and which rendered the parting so painful. When, therefore, the night approached, and she when I was departing smoothed down my shirt-collar and kissed my brow, it was then that I felt how dear my mother was to me, and carefully kept from crumpling my collar the whole way, in order that it might retain as much as possible the fold she had given it.

When we were taking these evening journeys to the city—sometimes on foot and sometimes, when we were more numerous, by water—there regularly appeared in the sky, among thousands and thousands of small stars, like a long, fiery rod, the gigantic comet of 1811.

Gottlieb had told me that the comet was a sign and prediction of war, and neither Senff nor the other friends of our family contradicted the assertion ; for, alas ! that solitary omen up in the sky was not the only prophet that announced woe and grievous affliction. The powerful empire of Napoleon was arming in every direction, and Russia likewise was gathering up her strength and showing her teeth—she was summoning her people to arms and concentrating imposing forces on the frontier. Through alliances both powers sought to be more vigorous ; and late in the autumn of 1811 no one could any longer seriously believe in the maintenance of peace. Great and small felt anxious and alarmed, and denounced the man of blood Napoleon, and his restless nation, who in their madness were never tired of involving the exhausted peoples in fresh troubles.

Then it came to pass that a very young Parisian lady, perhaps scarcely seventeen years old, was thrown as a kind of castaway into our house and gained a firm footing there. We children, who were unable to see any decided distinction between rogues and Frenchmen, looked somewhat askance at this new member of the family, and on account of our unseemly behaviour we were strenuously urged to be more courteous. Soon after, however, we formed a liking for the bright maiden, and became convinced that Marguerite Neff, or Margrethe, as in our German fashion we called her, was

as guiltless of all the bad deeds of her people as our little sister.

Margrethe had had a life full of trials and tribulations. Born during the days of terror of the French Revolution, she was not baptized till her third year, and that secretly in a cellar and in the midst of wine-casks ; thus she did sponsorial duty for herself. Then she had lost her parents, was brought up unlovingly by poor kinsfolk, and at last driven abroad, to gain a livelihood for herself by teaching the French language. Without any one to counsel or befriend she came to Dresden, and, God knows how, into our house, where my mother pitying her youth gave her hospitality, till a better position could be found for her. Conversation in French was now vigorously carried on by great and by small ; and we children, at least in the pronunciation, laid a good foundation for further studies.

In our enmity to Napoleon, Margrethe did not rebuke us by a single glance. Among other things which she kept in her travelling-trunk, and which she very willingly showed us, was an oil-painting which was rolled together like an omelette. It was the portrait of a man with a red collar and in the uniform of his regiment, and was ugly enough to frighten any one. Nevertheless, Margrethe was in the habit of covering this idol with destructive kisses, for it represented her only brother, who had been slain in Spain by fanatical peasants as if he had been a wild

beast. He had been very good and brave, she said, and yet what a terrible end !

Then she held jestingly the scarecrow of a thing before our eyes, and asked if we did not think it was enough to frighten people. She allowed that it was horribly ugly, but maintained that it was not at all like. But her brother had been too poor to pay a regular artist, and a good-natured comrade had painted the portrait.

The guilt of the tragical death of the beloved brother Margrethe was inclined to ascribe less to the murderers than to Napoleon. France, she said, was beautiful and great enough, and those Spanish cannibals should have been left in peace ; but the Emperor aimed not at the happiness of the French, but at the ruin of the whole world. Therefore she hated him *de tout son cœur*. We also hated him with all our heart, as far as children could do so, and we grew fonder and fonder of Margrethe, who soon took the place of an elder sister in the midst of us, and during the war troubles in store for us was, from her knowledge of the French language and her affinity with the French people, of great use to the whole house. She was a noble maiden, joining to French vivacity German solidity, and my parents never repented that they had given her a home.

NAPOLEON.

Our little guardian-angel being still in the house, it was not long before heavy storm-clouds rose in the West; and in the spring of 1812 the first columns of those French armies, which were so much inured to war, rolled northward. Through Dresden they swept in closely arrayed masses. Still float before me like the images of a sombre dream the long dark columns of the Old Guard, with their proud eagles, their high bear-caps, their martial faces. First came the martial sound of the drums and fifes; then the spectral forms of the sappers, with gleaming axes and long black beards; then endless rows of baggage.

Thus, day by day, passed by the mighty processions under our windows; man by man, brigade by brigade, I had an opportunity of seeing almost every branch of the great army—the towering cuirassiers, their helmets with tails of horsehair, their golden coats of mail; the light-mounted chasseurs, Uhlans, dragoons, hussars, voltigeurs; all kinds of infantry and artillery, well equipped; finally, an endless succession of pontoons and war material. It was a magnificent army, such as the world had never seen—well cared for, well furnished with everything needful. Even winter-shoes had been thought of, and green spectacles, to preserve the eyes from the dazzling whiteness of the snow, had not been forgotten. Last of all, we saw a whole

squadron of young seamstresses following on small horses, perhaps to keep the soldiers from degenerating into barbarians in wild Russia.

But the German, Spanish, and Italian troops, that obeyed the despotic command of the oppressor, looked likewise martial and bold. They had helped to gain his victories, shared the honours of his army, and were destined, like it, to have their part in the final catastrophe.

In the beginning of May, Napoleon himself came on the scene, and, surrounded by numerous princes, his vassals, received the visits of his exalted allies, the Emperor Francis and King Frederick William. The latter I met when I was taking a walk on the Brühl Terrace, and immediately took him to my heart, because he looked at once so dignified and so sad; and Senff assured me that he was a good and noble king.

On the whole, there was a great deal to be seen at this time in Dresden. The presence of so many armies filled the city with martial pomp. Bells rang and cannon thundered to welcome the princes, grand military parades and manœuvres announced them, and at night the city gleamed with the magical flash of countless lamps. I know not whether it was on occasion of this or of another visit of Napoleon to Dresden that a broad rainbow, composed of lamps of the most various colours, rose from the surface of the Elbe river far higher than the bridge, sparkling with the

most diversified play of light, and certainly the most charming spectacle which light at night could manifest. Fireworks, too, crackled in the air; temples and monograms glittered in the universal blaze. In any case, it was wise to celebrate triumphs beforehand, as afterwards there might be no opportunity of doing so.

In addition, all the houses were filled with soldiers, who promiscuously laughed, spoke, and cursed in almost all the languages of Europe. We ourselves, moreover, though we merely occupied hired apartments, had a general quartered upon us, who, with his retinue, filled almost half of our rooms; and my perplexed and troubled mother was not a little shocked when, one fine morning, an aide-de-camp of the King of Naples, who was residing not far from us, was added to the unwelcome guests. While arrangements were making for his accommodation, the following conversation took place between him and my mother:—

“If you, madame, have any desire to see the emperor,” said the stranger, “you have merely to place yourself at the window, as he is about to pass immediately.”

“With the permission of my guest,” replied my mother, “I prefer retiring to a private room; for I feel small inclination to see the man who has resolved to crush a poor nation that never did him any wrong.”

He laughed and answered, "You do not need to retire; all you have to do is to shut your eyes."

Then he added, in a more confiding tone, "Believe me, madame, I share your taste, and envy you for being able to withdraw to a private room."

This confession was altogether unexpected from an officer of the Grand Army, and my mother did not continue the conversation. On a nearer acquaintance, it came out that the supposed Frenchman was an Italian, and had good reason to wish himself out of the way of the benefactor of his fatherland. With my father, who conversed with him in Italian, the officer soon became intimate, and narrated the terrible things of which he had himself been the witness. He called Napoleon a demon of darkness, who, in heaven and on earth, respected nothing but himself. Those knew this best who stood nearest to him—his marshals and his relatives, who must often be tempted to wish for withdrawing rooms, when, for their titles as princes, they had to allow themselves literally to be trodden under foot.

On taking his final leave of us, when the army was marching away, he said to my mother, "I congratulate you on this wise war, which is destined to devour your enemies. Few of us now departing will you ever again see."

As to my own insignificant self, I frankly confess that I honestly shared the dislike of my excellent

mother to the hero of the age ; but that did not hinder me from going every morning into the street, to get as near a glance as I could at the mighty man whose name was on every lip. Also I had been fortunate, at a moment when he halted to hear some announcement, to stand not far from his horse. Long I gazed at his sallow face, which already had a puffy appearance, and which made on me the impression of a battlefield covered with the dead. His resolute, commanding features were cold and calm, his eye dead, and his dull gaze rested for a moment on the little boy who was gazing up with curiosity to him. Then he rode slowly on, accompanied by his brilliant staff.

Near him was Murat, the King of Naples. He had a fantastical appearance, like a stage monarch, wore a cap with ostrich-feathers in it, embroidered lace-boots, and a short military coat richly adorned with gold. But, beside the simple form of the emperor, he swiftly vanished from the glance. The emperor I long followed with my eye—the small, great man, of plain appearance, with his homely overcoat. That, then, is the emperor, I thought to myself.

After this Napoleon often rode by ; but my mother never saw him. As she had no taste for pernicious food, even the most delicate, so she was not willing to look on anything that seemed destructive, however

interesting it might be. In her eyes that great man was nothing but a monster that had arisen from the abyss of hell, a thief, a robber, a murderer, an insatiate devourer of countries, blood, and empty glory. His greatness she did not at all admire. What of it she understood she ascribed to the anger of God, who had plucked Napoleon from the dust, as a poisonous scorpion wherewith to scourge the world. Her astonishment, therefore, may easily be understood, when she heard that a lady of our acquaintance, full of enthusiasm, had exclaimed: "Oh, that I could kiss his feet, and then die!"

"Veder Napoli,* e poi morir!" exclaimed my father, parodying. He, however, availed himself of every opportunity to see the great man—not in order to die, but that he might impress Napoleon's features on his memory. Then he painted a beautiful, but sombre picture, to be added to his collection of portraits of contemporaries.

* Probably the author's father said *Napoleone*, otherwise there would be no parody:—"to see Napoleon and then die," taking the place of "to see Naples and then die."—*Tr.*

CHAPTER V.

SMALLER NOTABILITIES.

THE French had departed, and the dust whirled up behind them — at least, in our house. There was sweeping, there was scouring, there was dusting, there was airing; then there was enjoyment of the old accustomed order of life, which had been restored, and of untroubled intercourse with numerous friends and acquaintances, whose meeting together lessened the burthen of the times.

Conventional society my parents were fortunate enough never to know; and yet it lay as little in their power as in the power of any one to choose in arbitrary fashion their associates. Those with whom it was their lot to be acquainted were, for the most part, persons who pleased them, and in whom we children likewise delighted. Among the artists who were received as friends in our house, the favourite of all to us children was the landscape-painter, Professor Friedrich—perhaps because he descended most

to our needs and capacities ; and, so far as I was concerned, his individuality already at that time was anything but unintelligible to me, and had a powerful attraction for me.

Friedrich was a very singular man. With his immense Cossack's beard and his large sombre eyes, he had furnished a magnificent model for one of my father's pictures, which represented King Saul when the evil spirit from the Lord came upon him. Yet dwelt in Friedrich a soul that would not have hurt a fly, and would have been still less inclined to slay the pious harper, David—a very tender, childlike heart, which children and childlike natures easily understood ; and it was with such that he willingly and sympathetically held commune. In general he was very shy, drew back into himself, sought solitude, which became ever more and more his passion, and whose charms he tried to celebrate in his pictures.

Such pictures as his had never been before him, and are not likely again to be seen ; for, like all true men of genius, Friedrich was alone of his kind. It is a pity that works of art cannot be described—we can only indicate their subjects ; and strange were the subjects which Friedrich chose. Not delicious landscapes, full of opulence and smiling splendour, such as Claude loved, and those love who attach themselves to the subject-matter and to elaborate execution, were what attracted Friedrich. Very simple,

homely, earnest, and melancholy, Friedrich's fancies rather resembled the songs of the ancient Celtic singer, Ossian, whose subject is nothing but mist, mountain-tops, and heath. A dense fog from which a rocky peak climbs into the sunlight, a desolate sandy coast in the moonlight, the wreck of a whaling-ship in the polar ice—these and the like were the objects which Friedrich painted, and into which he had the skill to breathe a peculiar life.

My favourite of favourites among those pictures was a young fir-tree at a season of drifting and whirling snow. Thick snow lay above, and deep it lay all round, but below, under the shelter of the fir-branches, there was a pleasant oasis; the children of the departed summer—the heather and the faded blades of grass, and a couple of snail-shells lying near each other—slept in profoundest peace. That was the whole picture.

To produce such great effects with such simple means is not in the power of every one; and yet it is alike natural as it is necessary to represent what is simple and well known, if we would be understood. In any case, a fir-tree is more intelligible to us than a palm-tree, which we have never seen. Let this be as it may, Friedrich had a very small circle of admirers, because he, though by means of well-known forms, presented something to the eye and the contemplation which most men flee from—namely,

solitude. If my father had not regularly sent the strangers who visited his own studio to Friedrich, and been his vigorous trumpeter, the most gifted landscape-painter of the time would have died of hunger.

This original artist had, it was rumoured, sprung from an ancient race of counts, that through adopting the principles of Protestantism had been driven from the patrimonial seat, Friedrichsdorf, in Silesia, had settled in Pomerania, and there begun the soap-boiling business. Our friend Professor Friedrich was himself the son of a Greifswald soap-boiler, and of the characteristic qualities of his ancestors, only those having a deep and abiding worth were his inheritance—a valiant love of truth, proud sense of freedom, and an exalted moral independence. As to the rest, he was as poor as Kepler, of whom the poet sings: “He knew only how to satisfy the spirits; therefore the bodies left him without bread.” Friedrich never succeeded in escaping from his harassing and depressing condition, because he was too shy, too helpless—perhaps too good for this world. Especially after my father’s death his life took a sadder and sadder shape and aspect; but the grandeur of his soul remained unbroken. A rocky peak which looks from the mist to the sun, *that* was the symbol of his nature and career.

In more intimate relations to my father than Friedrich, with whom he had not many points of

contact, stood another famous painter, the gifted and learned Professor Hartmann, at that time the director of the Academy, to which his services had been of the most signal and salutary kind. Like Friedrich, and like nearly all men, Hartmann sprang from a house that had laid aside its titles of nobility. He belonged to the ancient race renowned alike through the lyre and the sword of the Hartmanns Von Der Aue.* Tall and majestic in build, frank in mien and fine in manners, adroit and amiable, honourable in all his relations, and very orderly in his finances, he bore from head to foot the stamp of a distinguished man. He had been educated in the Carls-schule at Stuttgart, had been trained for the Government service, and possessed a large store of erudition, which he continually augmented. As artist he had made himself a name, and though his pictures were more the fruits of meditation than invention, yet my father had a very high opinion of him as a thoroughly-cultivated historical painter, and availed himself willingly of his counsel. Likewise he highly esteemed him as an amiable man and pleasant companion; met him almost daily, and relished exceedingly his sparkling, overflowing wit. Hartmann was one of my father's most faithful friends—undertook after my father's death the

* A Hartmann Von Der Aue was one of the most famous of the German mediæval poets. He was born about the year 1170. When he died is uncertain. Modern Germans have made him and his works the subject of much comment and criticism.—*Tr.*

guardianship of us children, and as long as he lived was ready with sympathy and succour.

Besides the two named above, other fellow-artists came as friends to "The God's blessing," and were held in high regard. First of all we have to mention the celebrated Professor Seidelmann, noted for his sepia-drawings, and the inventor of a peculiar method for the employment of sepia; and his gifted wife—a Venetian, who likewise painted, had a black moustache and a professor's title, which some academy out of courtesy had bestowed upon her. Furthermore, the famous painter of battle-pieces, Sauerweit—who secured from us special popularity when he came in the evening to our rural abode to show his skill in fireworks; the talented Therese aus dem Winkel; the modest sculptor, Kühne, Friedrich's intimate friend; and the gallery inspector, Von Demiani, a Hungarian—who was, however, conspicuous more for special and practical knowledge, and for civility in his official position, than for artistic productions. A large picture, however, he painted and exhibited, which figured in the catalogue as a Hagar in the Wilderness. There was offered to the eye a desolate mountain, grim with chasms and precipices, such as we are taught to imagine the wilderness of Sinai. In the background sunned himself on mossy rocks a hippopotamus of eccentric thickness. To the question where Hagar was to be found, the spectator was referred to a remote

and chaotic thing which, on nearer inspection, proved to be a group consisting of a woman and a child.

Among the artists, I have likewise to mention the celebrated copperplate engraver, Professor Müller, who at that time was busy preparing his famous print, the "Sistine Madonna." My father had drawn the sketch for it. He took a great interest in this work; visited Müller frequently, and sometimes took me with him. I could not gaze enough at the noble forms of this picture, which I had, it is true, daily at home before my eyes, but which seemed to meet me here with charms altogether new, from the brightly-polished copper ground, as from a sea of light. The print of the best plate has always something of the cold and sterile character of pen-and-ink drawing; on the plate, however, are warmth, light, and life—colour is not missed, and a charm is felt which surpasses, at least in my eyes, the effect of many-coloured pictures, or which is only obtained exceptionally, and by the greatest colourists.

On one of my visits, Müller gave me a small chalk drawing he had made at Rome, after Raphael. It was a youthful head from the "School at Athens," by a few masterly strokes thrown on the paper and completed. The drawing looked so easy and so intelligible that there could not be any witchery in it, and I began to copy it. Twenty times, at last even with tears, I tried to reproduce the beautiful head: I con-

trived to change it into all sorts of caricatures, which had not the slightest resemblance either to the original or each other. At last I had to confess that there really was a witchery, and I had to be contented with the discovery I had made of my own incapacity. The original, however, by Müller, I still keep as a cherished memorial of the giver, and value it at this day more than ever.

Among the scientific celebrities of Dresden, none was more intimate with my father than the Hofrath Böttiger, one of the first archæologists of his time—a man whose most notable qualities, next to his immense erudition, were his readiness in communicating it, and his obligingness, which was beyond all conception. It was a saying, that it was impossible to be five minutes with Böttiger without learning something from him, or being indebted to him for some memorable kindness.

Other learned or literary friends were the old and very kind librarian, Dasdorf, who was in the habit of supplying my mother with every desirable book from the king's library; Professor Hasse, subsequently the biographer of my father; the Count Von Loeben, called in his poetry *Isidorus Orientalis*; the Minister Von Nostitz, who assumed the name of Arthur Von Nordstern; the Hofrath Winkler, publisher of the *Abendzeitung*, the subsequent poet of the "Freischütz;" Hofrath Kind; and the apothecary, Dr. Struve, who

became very famous as an inventor of artificial mineral waters.

Dr. Struve occupied himself a great deal at that time with experiments on the preparation of sugar from potatoes, as a substitute for that produced from canes, which was always growing dearer. One evening he brought us a specimen of the potato-sugar; but, as the neck of the bottle was too narrow to let the thick syrup out, it was found necessary to put in a crow-quill, which in succession we licked, first the grown people and then the children. My mother thought it best to abstain, but all the others were satisfied, and were much astonished that it was possible to extract from the harsh coarse tubers so much sweetness, though there was a sort of burnt taste.

Less known names than those above mentioned I here pass over, and I intend, further, only to introduce the names of particular persons who had an influence on the spiritual development of my parents, and who thereby, for all our coming days, moulded our moral and intellectual growth.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCES.

The brothers Joseph and Carl Von Zezschwitz, alike distinguished by their mind, by their heart, and by every personal excellence, were both of them high in the service of the State, and were brought, at that time, by their official duties to Dresden. Very

speedily they became on intimate terms with my parents. They, as well as their amiable wives, belonged both by birth and by inclination to the *Brüdergemeinde*,* which, at that time, was pre-eminently the promoter of the pure and sound knowledge of God; and in this direction, altogether new circles of ideas and men were brought into commune with our house. Through them my parents were familiarised with a class of persons whom the world is always in the habit of branding and crucifying with the most opprobrious names, such as hypocrites, canters; and my mother was joyfully surprised to find among those devotees the noblest human beings, belonging to a race of souls for which she had in vain, with confused presentiment, yearned.

The most remarkable of these newly acquired friends and acquaintances was a lady of high position, a Burggräfin zu Dobna, born Gräfin zu Stollberg-Wernigerode, in whom my mother thought she found the highest realisation of female grace and dignity, and whom therefore she soon loved and revered more than all the women she knew. We children looked up to her as to a more exalted being, and my father wished that she were a Catholic that the Pope might canonise her.

On the beautiful estate Hermsdorf, between Dresden

* The sect founded by Count von Zinzendorf, and known in England as Bohemian or Moravian Brethren.—*Tr.*

and Königsbrück, the countess lived in domestic calm and retirement with her strictly spiritual husband, whose sentiments were the same as her own. She seldom came to the city, but when she did she always called on us. Still in the bloom of her age she was a woman of engaging exterior, with soft dark eyes, a rather brown complexion, and an expression of face tranquil and lofty, such as Perugino was in the habit of giving to his saintly women. In her whole appearance there was a sacredness which more or less impressed all who approached her, and those who took leave of her carried a blessing with them.

Not that this admirable countess preached like her celebrated contemporary, Frau Von Krüdener, but the wonderful elevation of her nature, which yet was thoroughly humble, the intense sympathy in the expression of her beautiful eye, the true-heartedness in the tone of her voice, and at the right moment a good word of encouragement, of consolation, of recognition, or of entreaty, as well as the unchanging cheerfulness of soul, were as powerful as they were undesigned confirmations of the strength and grandeur of the faith which lived and took shape in her. The woes and even the sins of others, though she herself might have been the victim, she felt as her own. She had therefore plea and palliation ready for every transgression, and deepest pity for every one who had gone astray, especially for the enemies of the name of Jesus, whose

hostility frequently enough assailed herself. For warmly though the countess was esteemed by those who had the good fortune to be her intimate friends, yet the reproach of Christ fell on her from the lips of many who knew her not, and calumny was never tired of putting into circulation the most infamous reports regarding her. She was, however, thereat neither astonished nor embittered, for the same falsehoods and revilings had been flung at her holy Lord and Master, and no better doom had been promised to her, his disciple. Such persons, however, by their mere existence preach more invincibly than all the eloquence of the pulpit. But the countess knew how to discourse when it was necessary, and to give a reason for her faith. To her friends she spoke willingly of that which filled her whole heart, and my mother she enabled to gaze into a holy world of consoling faith.

There have been many debates and disputes about the idea and value of tradition in the Christian Church. On the one hand, hosts of human propositions have, as the supposed utterances of the Holy Spirit, been placed on a level with the Word of God; on the other, it has been taken for granted no less erroneously that the Holy Scripture was sufficient to be its own interpreter, for those at least who had the wish and the will to understand it. But I have frequently experienced that the sense of the written word remained hidden even from the purest mind till the living testimony

of the believing community helped to make it intelligible.

This personal witnessing of living men to their apprehension of the truth—to their faith, love, and hope—I am inclined to call the true, the indisputable tradition needful to the understanding of the Scripture. It is not to be found in this or that confession, at least at all times and in the same purity; it is rather to be found in the whole believing Christendom of all confessions, in other words in the Universal Christian Church. It is the light and evidence of the Holy Spirit, who will remain with the community and testify through it till the end of days.

My mother was one of those fortunate beings who have a natural affinity with the Word of God. From her childhood she had felt herself drawn with marvelous love toward the children's friend Jesus, whose example and precepts she strove her best to make her guide. Though in her father's house she had been obliged to live under influences which prevented in every way her yearning for spiritual growth from being nourished, she had received with alacrity into her soul the scattered rays of Christian truth which reached her. She resembled an harmonious chord, which gives a responsive sound when kindred tones are struck; had a seeing eye and a hearing ear, and for the most part learned well when she found good instruction.

Nevertheless, and though my dear mother had in

her hands the source of all truth, and read the Bible diligently—especially from the time that the Bible had become precious and suggestive to her, through the impulse and inspiration given by Herder's works—yet she had scarcely penetrated aright into the Bible's life-giving utterances ; and now, when for the first time she was in commune with more advanced Christians, and by them was introduced to a specific Christian literature, her eyes began gradually to open. She was smitten by the conviction of an eternal salvation, and entered the porch of the sanctuary built on Golgotha, where Jesus himself is High Priest.

It was really from the hand of that never-to-be-forgotten countess that my mother received the key to the universally proclaimed mystery of salvation ; and now for the first time she began to understand the Holy Scriptures, to feel and to believe them as the Word of God. Not that she arrived all at once at a complete and systematic theological conception—at this, indeed, she never arrived—but she had seized the beginnings of Christian contemplation and recognition, which in their essential character can never be completed or systematised.

In how far my dear mother, in this enrichment of her interior life, was the victim of self-deception, the opinions of her older friends differed exceedingly. This, however, is my own conclusion, formed after a long series of experiences, that all those who,

through the grace of God, have been fortunate enough to make Christianity their own, believed that they had found a precious pearl, felt themselves happy in its possession, and reconciled with God and man. On the other hand, I have seen that believers who were disturbed in their vital faith were much troubled in their peace of soul. So far as my mother was concerned, she confessed respecting herself—not, indeed, that she had become better and more perfect, but that she had been transfigured or transported into a state in which she felt that it was well with her, and which yielded her absolute gratification. If this was illusion, or delusion, I should like all men to be deceived in the same fashion.

The calm, sweet Sunday mornings which we children were accustomed to spend with our mother, abounded now with blessings. We sat at the round table, we the brothers drawing, our sister arduously knitting stockings for her doll, while our mother read to us something of an edifying character—for instance, the children's books of Krummacher, then just appearing, the "Sonntag," the "Festbüchlein," and others, or stories from the Holy Scripture. Then she conversed with us on what had been read, in a manner which we thoroughly understood; and at such moments there was twined round the natural family love another and a holier bond, which, in spite of much subsequent error and sorrow, not only drew our

hearts closer together, but bound them, as I hope, intensely and for ever to our heavenly home.

Our father likewise, especially when we were in the country, was sometimes present at these small family worshippings, some light work meanwhile occupying his hands. He had not in his soul any tendency to contradict or to resist; and at the outset he was simply glad to associate with his wife and children in this sweet and quiet fashion. Then the new spirit seized him also, and, by degrees, he was infected by that marvellous transformation which persuades the most virtuous people that they are poor sinners, and kindles in the heart a love which is not of this world. Yet these were only the first attractions of grace—the first whispers of the heavenly calling; the decisive victory of revealed truth over his soul was reserved for a later period.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEWS OF THE BOOT-CLEANER.

THE political events followed their course, and were discussed in our house in the liveliest manner. My father certainly did not read any of the newspapers, because he thought he had no time to do so. But our family physician and faithful friend, Dr. Pönitz, read them all. He was like many members of his profession, a living newspaper; and he came in season and out of season to alarm the house with the most recent intelligence.

Not without anxiety had my parents seen the colossal French armies, led by the greatest generals of the time, march toward Russia; but they did not dream that this gigantic empire could have been conquered so rapidly—conquered almost in the twinkling of an eye. In the palace-church of Dresden, one *Te Deum* was sung after another to glorify the triumphant march of the great emperor, till the fall of venerable Moscow seemed to establish Napoleon's supreme dominion over the whole continent.

Nevertheless, my mother confided much in Alexander's royal word, that he would never make peace as long as a single bayonet of the foe could be seen in Russia; but my father thought that Napoleon was now master in Russia, that peace must come as a natural consequence — a prospect far more deplorable than any war.

Then the faithful Pönitz brought, at first only as an unconfirmed report, then as undoubted news, the terrible story of the burning of Moscow. The whole circumstances were not yet known, so that it could not be decided whether the event would have a favourable or unfavourable effect on the destinies of Russia, till a letter from the distant fatherland of my mother found its way to us, which spoke of the grand upheaval of public opinion, and of the confident hope of victory which, in consequence of that conflagration, animated all Russia and inspired all classes to make the noblest sacrifices.

Thus, then, hope again became possible. It was not improbable that such a resolute spirit must bring forth fruits. And the hope seemed to be justified by all kinds of rumours, which went on increasing at the approach of winter, and swiftly spread from mouth to mouth. Pönitz had now a great deal to say about the terrible straits to which the Grand Army had been brought—of hunger, of frost, of nakedness, of accumulating calamities, of disastrous fights, of retreat,

of flight. Louder and bolder the rumours grew, though the official reports tried for a long time to deceive. Anything positively certain could not be learned; and the excitement became excessive and uncontrollable.

"What is the news?" That was the eternal question—these were the familiar words with which people began every conversation.

"What is the news, Blanke?" Thus was my father accustomed to address his boot-cleaner—a peevish old man, who was the substitute for Falkenberg, again departed to the wars, and who, if he felt in the mood to reply, would condescend to communicate what he had heard when going through the city. Once about Christmas, when the above question was put to the old man, he answered with an air of indifference, that he had nothing new to tell, except that Napoleon had passed through during the night.

"Who says that?" cried my father, springing up and seizing the old croaker by the shoulders.

"Tut, tut!" replied he. "Who says it? Why, the people say it."

My father left all his things just as they were, hastened into the city, and came back with the confirmation of the great news that Napoleon had really arrived unheralded, unannounced, alone, and without old guard or young guard. Half frozen, he had alighted at the

house of his ambassador, had startled him out of the blankets, had placed himself in his warm bed, and had departed at the break of day. Hastening on before the Job's post of the annihilation of his army, he had darted across northern Germany like a flash of lightning to throw himself into a Dresden bed; then in fiery haste he rushed on to Paris.

Old Blanke received for his news a thaler; and the numerous friends who dropped in drank the best wine we had in the cellar. Faces so joyous had not for a long time been seen; for if Napoleon, as his own courier, had forsaken the army, the water must have been up to his neck, as the saying is—he must have dreaded the worst.

THE EXPLOSION.

One rumour chased another; the first reports were confirmed, but the reality went far beyond them. We now heard officially of the most calamitous of all retreats—yea; of the complete destruction of the invincible army. General York deserted Napoleon's banner. Resolute and without pause, the Russian hosts pressed on. Down-trodden Prussia rose with youthful vigour, and nearer and nearer came to us the long-yearned-for deliverance. Already in the beginning of March the Wintzingerode vanguard was expected on the Elbe. The King of Saxony left his capital, and the feeble French detachment, which

still held possession of Dresden, retired into the Altstadt with the professed design of blowing up the bridge after passing over. The beautiful bridge, the pride of the whole country, was to be destroyed, and with it, perhaps, the half of the city.

It may easily be imagined that a population thoroughly hostile to the French must by such Vandalism have been greatly excited. When, therefore, the pavement was torn up to lay the mine, the people rushed tumultuously together and hindered by force the continuation of the work. The fierce, loud shouts on the streets are as fresh in my memory as if I had only heard them yesterday. There was cry for help against the French; and as at the moment we were sitting down to supper, my father seized in haste a carving-knife, and dashed out in wildest haste. In great anxiety and alarm my mother, gazing after him, implored him to return. But fortunately the French, yielding to pressure, had paused in their work of destruction. Gangs of armed citizens set themselves to watch over the safety of the bridge.

Next morning, Marshal Davoust entered Dresden from Meissen, with an imposing force of 12,000 men, which rumour augmented to 20,000, and, with menacing aspect, placed himself on horseback on the bridge. The Altstadt Schlossplatz, with the adjoining streets, as well as the Neustadt Market and the Linden Avenue, before our windows, were crowded with soldiers, who,

wearied with the forced march, piled their arms and bivouacked in the open street.

I sat with my brother at the window, and looked at the throng. Then, creeping on stealthily and almost unobserved up the Elbe, a sharp storm, very uncommon for the time of the year, burst forth. Suddenly the fierce roar of thunder was heard over the city. The amazed Frenchmen raised their heads hastily, opened their mouths, and, as if at a given signal, thousands of voices mocked the thunder of heaven. But at the very moment a thunder-shower dashed with such energy into their faces, that, cursing, they crept under their mantles, and tried to shelter themselves in the best way they could. My mother said she could almost pity the poor fellows, if they had not blasphemed so detestably; for she belonged to the old school, and regarded the thunder as God's voice.

Meanwhile, it was reported that the representations of the magistrate had induced Marshal Davoust to entrust the laying of the mine that was to blow up the bridge to miners well acquainted with the business; and this announcement had, in some degree, a tranquillising effect. But the inhabitants were strictly ordered to appear neither in the streets nor at the windows. They were advised to leave the windows open, to prevent them from being shattered by the shock.

We children, in our childlike way, intensely enjoyed

this peculiar situation. We had other interests than those of the grown folks, and some damage more or less did not trouble us. We hoped that the Catholic church and the castle would fall, that our own windows would at least shake, and that we should see all the windows in the street dashed to pieces. Probably the mass of the inhabitants feared what we hoped.

The important morning at last dawned on the well-known roofs of the houses lying opposite. The streets were desolate and deserted; and, in expectation and dread of the great catastrophe, all labour rested—not a sound was heard throughout the city. Spite of the coldness of the morning, the windows stood open; and only the smoke ascending from the chimneys gave evidence that the inhabitants were alive.

We had all withdrawn into an alcove that joined my mother's sitting-room, to be out of the way of the massive stones of the bridge, respecting which it was taken for granted that they must fly through the air like birds, and strike into the outer walls of the houses. The moments were full of an expectation overshadowed by terror, for the next instant might bring life or death; and we children began to indulge the rational wish that all might end well.

Then a hollow sound was heard. Our mother stretched forth her arms toward us children; but my brother and I had already rushed to the side of

our father at the window. We saw a thick cloud of smoke rising above the bridge. Immediately all the hall-doors of the houses were thrown open, and the inhabitants crowded into the streets to see the damage that had been done. But, behold! though two arches and a pier had been destroyed, the bridge was in other respects uninjured, and the surrounding buildings had not suffered at all. The French were now shut up in the Altstadt; and all the troops that remained with us consisted of a small detachment of Saxon infantry. My father rubbed his hands and said, "God be praised! the apes are now gone, let us hope, for ever."

THE RUSSIANS.

The "God's Blessing" was a high house. In addition to the ground-floor there were four stories, and crowning all was the garret, inhabiting which the servants were shut up as if in a ward. The garret was, for us, a mysterious world—a labyrinth of dark *nooky* passages, partitions, and lumber-rooms full of old worn-out household things, but full also of charm for children. Besides, from the garret-windows there were extensive views in the Meissen direction, and also toward the north, beyond the Black Gate, as far up as the wooded heights of the Radeberg Heath.

When my brother and I were one morning amusing ourselves in the garret, we had the fancy to look out

once more to see whether the Russians were not yet coming. We strained our eyes and gazed to the farthest point. Just as we were about to draw in our heads, we beheld what could be no deception. There the Russians really were. On the border of the remote fir forest, where this joined a desolate tract of sand which extended as far as the city, a new object had suddenly appeared—a dark something which moved hither and thither with great vivacity and vigour. Then the mass broke into other masses—two, and then a larger number. Soon, like a swarm of flies, the “dark something” approached the city.

“The Russians!—the Russians!” we shouted, rushing with headlong haste to announce to our parents the delightful event. My brother seized hold of my jacket, saying that he wanted to make the announcement in company with me, because he had first seen the Russians—a statement not wholly destitute of truth. Thus coupled we frantically rushed down-stairs, and darted breathless into the studio of our father, who, annoyed by our impetuosity, raised his maulstick and threatened us with a thrashing. As soon, however, as he learned the cause of our excitement, he, dropping his work, ran with us up to the garret, and directed his sharp glance into the distance. We had not been mistaken; those marching were Cossacks, who gaily

swept along the sandy ground, and, with ever bolder mien and movement, approached the fortifications.

Whether we were here witnesses of the first shot fired from the city, or whether my imagination transformed the narrative of others into a personal experience, I cannot say. But I believe I really did see one of the Cossacks, when riding towards the palisades, reel at the same moment the sound of a musket was heard, and fall as if dead from his horse, which stood now quietly beside him. But suddenly he was again alive, waved his high cap at those who had fired at him, and rode back to his companions. This incident pleased us so much, that in order to make it more intelligible to Margrethe and others, we frequently gave a mimetic or dramatic representation of it. I came riding on a footstool, my brother fired from behind the hamper which held the firewood, and all proceeded exactly as in the real adventure.

On the same morning we saw from our windows two slim Saxon lieutenants, attired in pike-blue, leading by a small sturdy Cossack officer, whose eyes were bound.

"They have shot him in the face," said my brother quietly, "and then taken him prisoner."

But my father informed us that this was an officer sent to parley, and whom they were leading to the commandant. I looked at the small, vigorous officer with the liveliest interest, so that with his short steps, his

valiant neck, and his proud bearing he is still vividly before my eyes. After some hours the very welcome news went abroad that the Neustadt was on the following morning to be surrendered.

Next day therefore very early the Saxon garrison withdrew, and the more important inhabitants assembled at the Black Gate to welcome the Cossacks. These, led by Colonel Brendel, and numbering about eight hundred, entered in excellent order and halted not far from the gate, on what was then a free space between the church and the barracks. My father was one of the spectators, along with us boys.

"These are your countrymen," he said to me; and in this designation I felt a call to unbounded sympathy. Willingly would I have shaken hands with some of them, for of course I could not do so with them all; but I was held fast by my father's hand. The stern demeanour of those wild warriors also inspired me with some hesitation.

However, the stiffness and sternness which the jovial Cossacks at first showed were not of long duration. All in the Neustadt who had the use of their legs hastened to the gate; and on every side the citizens pressed forward with joyous shouts toward their deliverers. These Russians were, as enemies of the French, dear friends and sympathisers. They were welcomed as brothers, and enthusiastic shouts rose and resounded. Brandy flowed in streams; every

one had brought some with him, and every one wished to be the first to give a good dose of it to the barbarians, whose presence had been so earnestly desired. They were half pulled from the saddle, half sank from it in the tumult of joy. There were embraces; there was an interchange of kisses; there was speaking in strange tongues, till the billets for quarters were delivered, and the happy hosts hastened away with their guests. A spark of the universal inspiration of a great period had fallen into the heart of the Saxon people.

To my parents was allotted an officer, with whose men, as well as with the other Cossacks in the house, we were soon on the friendliest terms. Our mutual, loud, and unbroken conversation was certainly very superfluous, seeing that we did not understand each other. But then there were other means of reciprocal apprehension, and deeds are better than words. We supplied our friends with victuals, generously gave them the copper coins we had saved, and were useful to them in every way we could. They, on the other hand, carved for us wooden lances and sabres, showed us their arms, among which we were best pleased with their long pistols, which in victorious wars they had taken from the Turks, and which were, for the most part, richly inlaid with silver. They also allowed us to ride on their small horses.

These Cossacks, belonging to the time of the so-called Liberation Wars, were good-hearted, childlike creatures, rather thievish, and very much given to drinking, as our landlord thought he had good reason to believe. Nevertheless, they were exceedingly pious. When one of them, with a message to his officer, was entering the room where we were and saw the large picture of the Virgin, he immediately crossed himself, and remained standing with open mouth as if nailed to the door, turning away his glance from the holy figure. The officer, in the French language, requested that my parents would allow the poor fellow, who probably in his whole life had not seen such a picture, to draw nearer, and my mother, gathering together in all haste the fragments of her forgotten Russian, now invited him herself in his own language to do so.

Thereupon the most joyful surprise predominated over every other feeling. The well-known sounds of his native tongue infinitely delighted this soldier, who had come from a far country. He cowered and clung to the ground at the feet of my mother, he kissed and stroked the hem of her garment, and tried in every way to show his rapture. Then he once more contemplated the picture with the greatest admiration, and begged at the close that permission might be given to some of his comrades to view it.

Almost immediately a whole host of Cossacks with

ratting sabres came swarming up-stairs. They approached the picture in the most reverent fashion, threw themselves on their knees before it, crossed themselves, and performed their worship as if they had been in church. Then they softly conversed with each other about the wonderful painting before which they stood, and expressing their thanks and bowing over and over again, they retired. The same scene was repeated several times the same day.

The French general who had been quartered with us the previous year had, with a lascivious smile, expressed the wish for a female cook as beautiful as the Virgin in the picture, whereat his adjutants laughed; and the conversation took such a disgusting turn that my mother was compelled to leave the room. Our Cossacks were certainly not generals, but merely common Russians, yet their reverence for what is holy could not fail to raise them in our esteem. Besides, they were a genial, joyous people, full of song, full of good-humour, and sometimes, as we have said, full of brandy. Whether, however, sober or drunken, they always went boldly against the foe; and every day stories were told of the intrepidity and adroitness that distinguished their deeds. Mounted on their unwearied horses, they swarmed across the stream, appeared suddenly in the rear of the French, whom they unceasingly exasperated and frightened, and to whom they did all the harm they could. At night

they even succeeded in seizing a large number of boats moored on the opposite side of the river, and in bringing them to the Neustadt.

The able leader of this bold band, Colonel Brendel, was, curiously enough, a German. Next to this characteristic, what most excited interest in him was his monstrous beard, which, in luxurious growth, surpassed all conception, and hung down to his girdle. According to report, Brendel had, at an earlier period, been in the Austrian service. At that time, as was said, he was compelled, as the hairy appendage was contrary to the regulations and he did not wish to cut it off, to plait it, and to hide the plaits under his uniform. As this also was found fault with, he, from love for his beard, was driven to recognise his proper vocation and turn Cossack. In Dresden this bearded colonel received a threefold homage. Those who did not know his origin welcomed him as a Russian, and a terrible barbarian; the others as an excellent German compatriot; and all as an energetic and jovial man. He soon became the lion of the day; but, though everything was done to make his residence agreeable, he could not bear a quiet or idle life. He felt impelled to rush forward and harass the rearguard of the French.

Immediately after the bridge had been blown up, Marshal Davoust had withdrawn with his best troops; but in the Altstadt there were still three thousand French soldiers who could not be driven away by the

mere sight of the Cossack's cap. It came to pass, however, on the second night after Brendel's arrival, that we were roused out of sleep by a terrible drumming and the roll and rattle as of heavy carriages. Every one thought that an army must be marching in with a numerous artillery; and great was the astonishment on the morrow when the streets were found to be empty and everything exactly as it had been before. The whole affair had been nothing but a mere phantom conjured by Brendel to frighten the French out of the Altstadt. From all the neighbouring small towns and villages he had collected the drummers of the shooting societies, and made them thump away vigorously as they marched through the streets. Behind them rolled carts, heavily laden with stones. The French, however, had taken the phantom for a reality—they had retreated; and Brendel and his Cossacks swam across the stream to pursue them. Thereupon, a temporary wooden erection filled up the breach that had been made in the bridge.

Every day now brought something new. The Cossacks were followed by regular Russian troops. The greater part of the Wintzingerode corps marched through Dresden, making a goodly show with singing and playing, with flying banners, and surrounded by the halo of the righteous cause for which it fought. Such marches through Dresden were in themselves very pleasant to behold; but they had, moreover, a

specific interest for us children. In the Russian army served many Livonians, among whom might possibly be found relations, a class of persons that had hitherto remained strangers to us ; for the families, both of our father and mother, lived far away from us. We looked earnestly, therefore, at every Russian to see whether he might not possibly be one of our uncles. To those whose appearance pleased us we tried, by familiar and friendly nods, to make easy a discovery which we thought must be as desirable to them as to ourselves. In this way we received in return many a kind salutation, without, however, attaining our object.

But the right uncles came before us of themselves. Ah ! how my heart throbbed when, as I stood one morning at the door of the house, I was asked by a hussar officer who was on horseback whether my father lived there ? He proved to be a cousin of my mother, an exceedingly handsome young man, of majestic appearance. I almost devoured him with my eyes, and was filled with a joy which can only be explained by the previous lack of contact with kinsmen. Arm-in-arm with him I went proudly through the streets, and was much gratified when the sentinels presented arms. I felt flattered too, in no small degree, when the soldiers we met saluted us. How different this from a walk with Falkenberg ! How delightful was the talk of this uncle for great and small ! For he had gone through the whole Russian campaign, and as an eye-witness he

gave a splendid description of the battles of Smolensk, Moshaisk, Maloi-Jaroslavez, and of the horrors of the Berezina. Alas! he could not remain long with us; he had to march on, like other relatives who followed him; and like a dream these first Russians, and the uncles with them, vanished from me.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRUSSIANS AND THE TWO STUDIOS.

It was a grand, heart-elevating time toward which we were marching, the heralding splendour of an incomparably beautiful morning. The first rays of German freedom flashed forth in the east; they were red as blood, but they shed inspiring promise; and, as if at the call of the last trumpet, the vast death-fields of the great German fatherland were stirred to new life, but likewise to sanguinary toil. The word of King Frederick William roused his prostrate and seemingly-dead people from a terrible dream. The Prussian nation, in grandly-renewed strength, shook its mighty limbs and shattered its chains to fight as one man for its king, for the German cause, and for itself.

I was a child, and according to my child's opinion I was a Russian. Yet I felt myself deeply moved by the mighty storm which was breaking forth, and in which the awakening of the national German spirit so sublimely manifested itself. The German blood in my

veins asserted its right, and with delight I saw the first free German army marching into Dresden.

Winzingerode was followed by Blücher and the Prussians; and if the Russians had been well received by the population, a warmer welcome still awaited the Prussians, for with justice they were regarded as the representatives of the rising honour and independence of the whole German fatherland. Especially in this respect the coming of the Lützow Jäger Corps aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Such a corps, formed of cultivated young men, animated by the burning love of German freedom, the German world had scarcely ever before seen. These noble youths appeared to resemble the combatants for liberty in ancient Greece, for like them they went forth young and glad and beautiful, and with the contempt of death to fight for the fatherland and for its glory. Excessive was the excitement they caused; for they were about to combat, not for the special interests of any branch of the German race, but for the universal German cause. There were not wanting, therefore, in Germany, young heroes to join their ranks. One of the most brilliant of these heroes was the young poet, Theodore Körner, widely known in various circles and personally much beloved. Him I still see in my mind's eye, as he stood before my parents when taking leave. His beautiful form, set off by his martial attire, the animated glance of his eye, the kindliness of his manners, as well as the great

opinion every one cherished of him—all these things together produced on me the deepest impression, and I had a feeling of gratitude and gladness when he clasped me, as well as the others, in his arms.

Nearer than Körner, with whom we were not very intimate, stood to us another friend, who was about to leave Dresden with the Lützow corps. This was a young painter, by birth a Pomeranian, of the name of Kersting. He was a sprightly, jovial man, filled with enthusiasm for his art. He had just begun to attract public attention by exceedingly charming pictures. He painted in small form on wooden plates very fine portraits, whole figures, and in a framework which had itself the character of portraiture.

It is of undeniable interest to see beloved or distinguished and memorable persons in the surrounding circumstances peculiar and suited to their calling, which, where they have shaped themselves in characteristic fashion, are no more accidents than the house of the snail, which is derived from its own substance. This was in a high degree the case with my father, and also with the already-named friend of our house, the landscape-painter, Friedrich,—both of whom Kersting in his own manner painted.

The special working apartment of my father—which, however, was not thrown open to strangers visiting him, whom he was accustomed to receive in an ante-room adorned with the pictures he had

already finished—contained a world of the most manifold objects. The walls were covered as thick as hail with casts, with studies, and all kinds of artistic curiosities—with rare copper-plate engravings, pencil-drawings, and the like. But handicraft tools, such as every one in a house can make use of, were placed in ample variety above a joiner's bench, including saws, axes, files, chisels, and other utensils. A conspicuous place was allotted to weapons of war, for which my father had a strong liking. Cross-bows, rifles, pistols, muskets, and very valuable air-guns of different constructions, cutting and stabbing instruments, down to the sword-stick, were to be seen. In the corners sat or cowered lay-figures of different sizes; but standing erect among skulls and bones was a complete human skeleton—the terror of the maid-servants, when, sent with messages by my mother, they looked through the half-opened door.

Finally there were piled up in cases, or on tables and chairs, rich collections of copper-plate engravings and artificial gems, with models prepared by the artist himself from clay and wax, intermingled with boxes of colours, colour-grinders, palettes, easels, and materials and furniture of every kind, such as the artist needs.

Thus painters, sculptors, engravers, architects, archæologists, carpenters, joiners—even warriors could find here most of the things they needed, with the

exception of books, for my father had neither the time nor the inclination to read ; and indeed he had no need to read—for Böttiger kept him supplied with learning, my mother with literature and theology, and Pönitz with political information. For my father was in the habit of asking what was the use of friends unless they were willing to read for us.

In that chaotic working-apartment, however, there was no real disorder ; for everything could in general be found on its accustomed place or chair, and whatever my father required he could put his hand upon in the dark. He felt happy in the midst of such an accumulation of objects, and maintained that the imagination must starve when the walls are naked and the rooms too neatly kept.

Friedrich's studio, on the contrary, was so absolutely empty and naked, that Richter might have compared it to the disembowelled body of a dead prince. There was nothing in it but an easel, a chair, and a table, above which, as a solitary wall-ornament, hung a drawing-rule ; but no one knew how it had arrived at this honour. Even the well-entitled box of colours, the oil-flask, the colour-wiper, were banished to the next room, for Friedrich was of opinion that all outward objects disturbed the interior world of imagination.

If the working-apartments were so different, no less unlike was the appearance of the two workmen. My

father, brown in complexion and with well-shaven chin, was always neatly and elegantly attired, while the highly blond and Cossack-bearded Friedrich was accustomed to content himself with a long grey travelling-mantle, which left it doubtful whether he had anything under it; and those acquainted with him knew that this was not the case.

It was therefore a happy thought to take as subjects and to exhibit these two men in their studios. The pictures were sold at once, and other commissions followed, so that the excellent Kersting made a great sacrifice in interrupting his artistic activity. But my father approved his resolution, and not only gave him the rifle for his equipment, but exercised him daily in firing till he departed.

Soon we heard that in storming a position he was foremost and boldest—had become an officer, and had obtained the iron cross. I should have been glad to go with him, but I was too little, and had to occupy myself with grammar and vocables.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOETHE.

AFTER the Prussians under Blücher, Tschernitschef marched into Dresden. The fine time of the uncles returned. The Russian Guards entered with the Emperor Alexander and King Frederick William at their head. But at the same time another exalted guest appeared in Dresden—a ruler without equal, a mighty man without rival—who did not indeed command horses and horsemen, whose voice also was not heard when monarchs were consulting, yet who, in another sphere, exercised an almost unlimited authority.

As long as I can remember, the name of Goethe had in our house and in the circle of our friends an almost regal sound. He was the Jupiter of the German Olympus; his words were utterances of canonical force—his judgments were the final decisions in all domains of the beautiful, in the world of thought, and of all the wisdom of men. Goethe was the only poet

in whom my father took any interest, because he was the only one, he maintained, who could write German; and so far did he go in the admiration of his favourite, that placing Goethe's "Faust" beside the Bible, he esteemed it the second book in the world.

The opinions and feelings of my mother were different. To her the poetical creations of the great writer often gave pain. She thoroughly recognised the splendour and the truth of Goethe's delineations, the melody and simplicity of the language, and perhaps with keener intelligence than most of the unbounded female adorers of the mental leviathan. But it seemed to her that Goethe had squandered his consummate mastery on unworthy objects and subjects; and it grieved her to see all the pollution of sin treated with the same predilection as, nay even with greater than, the morally pure and beautiful. She wished that such magnificent gifts had been active in the service of God alone; as having, as she believed, this supreme consecration, she preferred the muse of Klopstock and Herder.

In opposition to this my father took his favourite most vigorously under his protection. He maintained that Goethe was neither a pedagogue nor a parson, but a poet, and as such he must be measured by his own standard. Goethe pictured things neither as he might wish them to be, nor as God might require them to be; he pictured them simply in accordance with the truth,

as they really were, without assuming the attitude or the attributes of a judge. What was known to all, what every one had and possessed, whether called happiness or misfortune, good or evil; that he delineated as real and unavoidable, and placed it in a softening light, whose beauty and pleasantness had a tranquillising effect.

Nevertheless, my mother adhered to her convictions and assertions. She declared that if the poet must be measured by his own standard, one poet had no superiority over another. Besides, no art was required to reconcile the fortunate with their lot. He with whom things went well, as with Goethe himself, could very easily be satisfied. The unfortunate, however, could not assuredly find consolation in Goethe's writings, and those who had gone morally astray could derive no moral support from them. To reconcile, into the bargain, the latter with their circumstances was wholly inexcusable.

Thus the matter was debated, both sides being to a very large extent right. But the glory of the great man did not suffer from the discussion. The poet, however, such as my mother sought him or dreamed him, is nowhere to be found, and it still remained true that if artists are only to be measured by their own standard, it is the standard of genius and not that of the moral worth of their works or their persons which must decide.

In my eyes, those of a child, he who was so much spoken of could not fail to gain additional importance from such conflicts. None of Goethe's works had I read ; yet on the authority of my father he appeared like a sun before whose splendour every other star must grow pale. Yea, in my imagination he had already grown to such a colossus, that even for the Emperor Alexander when entering the city I had only half an eye, because two minutes before I had seen the supremely extolled poet, had stood by his side, and had heard kind words from his mouth.

On the morning of the entrance of the monarchs into the city, Goethe had come to our house in the most cordial fashion, and as he did not find my father at home, who had elsewhere been seeking for him, he asked my mother for permission to remain, in order that, not hindered or annoyed by the crowds in the street, he might watch the festive procession. He added that he did not intend to give any trouble, wished to remain quiet, and entreated that no notice might be taken of him.

My mother thought she saw that he did not want to be at all disturbed. She gave him therefore a window to himself, placed herself with her work at another window, and did not press her conversation on him. There then he stood, the noble, the lofty man, and with his hands resting on his back looked down with apparent pleasure at the manifold movements and aspects

of the crowd. He had a look of calm cheerfulness, and my mother believed she perceived that he was very grateful for the forbearance she had shown him, for she knew how much her distinguished guest had been oppressed and tormented by the impertinent importunity of ladies who had literary pretensions. He was in the habit of being surrounded by hosts of admirers, and as he had come alone my mother took it for granted that he had, perhaps favoured by the throng, succeeded in breaking away from his troublesome worshippers, in order, unmolested and undistracted, to enjoy the profound impressions of a momentous historical event.

She therefore called *me* away ; for I had been drawing nearer and nearer to the great man and gazing earnestly at him, as one might gaze who sees for the first time a whale or an elephant. Goethe, however, drew me toward him, placed his hand on my shoulders, and asked me about this and that, and among other things whether it would be a pleasure to me to see the Emperor of Russia.

I replied that it would be a very sincere pleasure, because he was my godfather. And in truth I had lived till now in this happy illusion, merely because one of my names was Alexander. My mother, however, gave the needful explanations ; and thereupon Goethe addressed to her many questions about Russia. Thus, then, spite of her purpose she had entered into conversation with him.

But suddenly the bell rang violently. I rushed forth to open the door, and in swept an unknown lady, as big and as grand as an oven made of Dutch tiles, and quite as much heated. Impetuously she shouted to me, "Is Goethe here?"

Goethe!—that was taking a considerable liberty, I thought. The unknown lady had spoken of him to me, the unknown boy, by no other name; and scarcely had I given her the briefest affirmative answer, when she, almost running foul of me—unannounced, and without the usual salutations—sailed, like a majestic three-decker, into the sitting-room of my mother.

Darting with open arms toward her idol, she cried: "Goethe! ah, Goethe! how I have been seeking for you! Was it right to keep me in such perplexity and torment?"

She now overwhelmed him with bursts of joy and with reproaches.

Meanwhile, the poet had turned slowly round. Every glad and pleasant expression had vanished from his face, and he looked gloomy and grim, as if he had been turned to stone, or had been a Roland's statue. Pointing to my mother, he said, in a very significant manner: "Frau Von K  gelgen is also present, as you see."

The lady bowed very slightly to my mother; then, not perceiving the irritation and disgust of her friend, she turned to him her broadsides, and poured into him

one discharge of congratulations and laudations after another. She boasted that she had now fortunately seized him with her grappling-irons, and declared that she did not intend to let him escape this whole morning.

Goethe was visibly in a state of excessive discomfort. He probably felt as I, poor fellow! did when in the girls' school, and would probably have preferred, if he had had the choice, a "product of rods"—a good thrashing—to the impudent tenderness of his ecstatic friend. He buttoned his coat up to the chin. My father at the moment entered, attracted the attention of the lady, who knew him, and who devoted herself to him for a moment. Meanwhile, Goethe had vanished.

Alarmed at this, the disappointed lady hastened after the poet, not taking the trouble to salute any of us. Whether she caught him again I know not; for, at that moment, the arrival of the monarchs absorbed the whole attention of those who remained.

During his residence on this occasion in Dresden, I had, however, often an opportunity to behold the great poet, and always with a reverence which his kingly presence of itself called forth. He once dined with my parents; and I remember, besides, that we visited the armoury together.

This exceedingly rich collection of old arms was then in its original place—an old castellated building

in the street called the Schlössergasse—and was immensely preferred by us children to all other collections, and even to the picture-gallery. If our father wanted to make us very happy indeed, he always took us to the armoury.

On entering a dark passage the visitor beheld, ere ascending farther, two heavily-armed figures doing duty as sentinels, and enough, of themselves, to put him at the outset into the needful frame of mind. Then he had to climb winding staircases of stone, decorated with halberds. These staircases led to three different stories, the rooms whereof were filled with daggers, swords, spears, cuirasses for field service and cuirasses for tournaments, banners, old firearms, and much else which had historical significance. The arms stood or hung without show or ostentation, just as they might have done at the time they were in use. The very air seemed to be the same which Johann Friedrich and the Elector Moritz had breathed when they trod these halls. But here this mouldering scent appeared to me the right odour—it was the melody to the heroic song the walls sang.

At a later period, some time after 1830, when so-called progress had penetrated into Saxony, there was an attempt at improvement in this matter also. The arms were placed in the lofty and bright corridors of the fort, about a third of them having been sold to defray the expenses of removal. The old weapons of

slaughter were arranged as brilliant suns and pleasant rosettes and garlands on the walls. They were robbed of the mysterious odour of the past; and even the name of the collection was changed; for it is now called, with exceeding elegance, "The Historical Museum." Such is the progress of taste!

Goethe saw the armoury in all its grimness, and greatly enjoyed the sight. I still see his majestic figure moving in the midst of the weird coats of armour which, sitting like living heroes on grandly-formed chargers, appeared, in the lower halls of the old armoury, almost gigantic. From the iron grasp of one of the most imposing of these colossal shapes Goethe took the military truncheon, weighed it in his own hand, then showed it to us children.

"What do you think, children?" said he—"to command with such a sceptre as that must be a delight if one is the right sort of fellow!"

He looked as if he himself were the right sort of fellow.

These are a child's scanty reminiscences of the greatest genius of his time. With them I must close the second part of the history of my youth.

Third Part.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAHN ACADEMY AND CANNONADES.

FOR the bringing up of children and of flowers, one of the first conditions is stability; one and the same abiding spot, one and the same cultivating hand, is best for their growth. Over my own childhood, however, change held sway: not the will of my parents, but the disquiet of the times drove me from one school to another, and placed me in the hands of many teachers—so that I resembled a much-to-be-pitied flower in a child's garden, which the haste and impatience of the little gardeners are continually digging up and transplanting.

I do not recollect distinctly the point of time when my first teacher left me. He had followed the Volkmanns, who had returned to Leipsic. Another teacher, called Gremberg, had succeeded; but very dim are the memories he has left. At last our parents sent us to a public-school—the Hahn Academy, situated

in the Altstadt—which had been very warmly recommended to them, but which during the very first weeks cut in the following circumstance a very sorry figure.

We had given in Latin exercises, and when they were handed back to us it appeared that mine was the freest from error. This so far might astonish the teacher, as I, when undergoing the entrance examination, did not from timidity distinguish myself, so that probably a depreciating and disparaging estimate was formed of me. At all events, he fixed his eyes very sharply on me, and asked me if my father had helped me with my exercise. The whole class gazed intently at me.

Children even when quite innocent can easily be thrown into confusion by the thought that they are suspected. The blood therefore mounted to my face while I declared that I alone was the author of the exercise. The teacher took my blushing for a symptom of guilt. He said that any one who told the truth did not need to blush up to the ears, and that the vilest exercise was better than a lie. Thereupon he threw my exercise-book at me with great contempt.

I felt as the Maid of Orleans is pictured by Schiller as feeling when she was suddenly accused of witchcraft. My conscience protested in favour of my integrity. My parents, my brother, my sister, had always up to that time believed my word. And now all at once

I saw myself pilloried before the whole class as a cowardly liar. I was extremely indignant, but not inclined further to defend myself. It is all one, I thought, what his opinion is of me, and I am determined to be henceforth the very worst scholar—simply because he does not wish me to be anything else. I resolved to multiply errors and blunders in everything I did, and then tell him that I had done so, and intended to do so, because he believed that a liar could not do any better. But political events hindered this revenge.

As we were one day coming out of school—perhaps it was the 4th May, 1813—we became aware of a singular hurrying and running of the people in the streets. Soon we saw companies of Russian soldiers mixed up with vehicles of every kind. There was a rush from the Altstadt toward the bridge. How we were able ourselves to pass the bridge I cannot now understand. A long array of men, horses, waggons, cannons, swept on in wild confusion. Even the Cossacks rode on the pavements.

Arrived at the house we found Uncle George, who was tired with riding, and who, as eye-witness, was giving an account of the battle of Lützen.

“We are not exactly beaten,” he cried; “but we do not go back as far as the Oder.”

“Better if you had been beaten,” replied my father, “and had then marched on to the Rhine.”

Oh, it was a very sad sight to see those armies giving way, whose banners were the banners of freedom, and to fall again under the dominion of the French! In rapid marches the Russians dashed through the city, and the wooden part of the bridge was set on fire and blazed in the face of the pursuing foe. The Altstadt of Dresden was again in the hands of Napoleon.

In the Neustadt all that remained behind of the Russians was a troop of horse-artillery, along with a squadron of hussars and Uncle George. Our house was the headquarters of Uncle George, who said that the Russian position on the Elbe could be held for three days more. I could now watch war under my very eyes.

The Russian guns were put in position on the meadow-ground called the Klosterwiese, from which they commanded the stream and could rake with shot the breaches in the bridge. From the Altstadt the French fired across the river, and the balls hurtled and the bullets whistled along the street. A musket-shot came through one of the windows. As this was a deviation from the direct line of firing, the shot must have been dashed aside and thrown toward the house by some object—perhaps the branch of a linden-tree. It had darted against the back wall of the room, and had fallen on the bed which my mother had just left. The bullet was formless,

flattened, jagged, and had portions of wood sticking to it. On its long journey of a thousand paces it had encountered various disasters and perhaps caused some.

The intruder was very closely examined, and I remember that our landlord, misled by appearances, maintained that the murderous projectile was not only furnished with small barbed hooks, but in order to poison the wound, filled with sawdust.

When I throw myself back by imagination into our position at the time, I cannot understand how my excellent father could think of accompanying uncle George to the Russian cannons on the Klosterwiese and taking us children along with him. We could watch close at hand the discharges of the Russian guns, till very unexpectedly a cannon on the other side gave voice, and doubtless the sound arrived simultaneously with the ball. We heard the whiz of the shot, which, passing over us, struck into the wall of the Hübel garden.

"Do the asses not see that there are men standing here?" said my father, and hastened away with us as fast as he could.

When we arrived at home we were compensated for the danger we had undergone by a grand spectacle, which we could without peril behold from the garret-windows. Below Dresden, Napoleon wanted to force a passage; but the Russians held fast, and knocked to

pieces, one after another, the bridges he attempted to construct. It was a furious cannonade; not so much a discharge of shot as a single ceaseless rolling thunder. By the smoke from the powder, the whole west was enveloped.

One event chased another. Next morning my brother and I saw the cannons which had been in position on the Klosterwiese, along with the hussars—consequently our whole garrison—retiring at a rapid trot. My uncle was sitting at the piano and playing fantasias. I shouted to him that everybody was flying, but he paid no attention to me. Perhaps it was a long time since he had had a musical instrument in his hand, and was now lost in musical reminiscences and thoughts. His tranquillity I could not understand, and ran to my father; but he was busy tossing things about, and packing a trunk—he showed no less indifference to my speeches. Then I met the boot-cleaner, who had just been bringing bread from the baker's shop. Out of pure humanity he had discharged this duty instead of the female cook, and on account of the bullets, which, according to him, were buzzing in one's face like gadflies.

"In a quarter of an hour," he said, "the French are here. They have already a vessel in the water, and the Russians are paying heel-money"—that is, running away.

I ran again to my uncle, who, as if no Frenchmen

existed, was still allowing his soul to float on the wings of sweet harmony.

"They have already a vessel in the water, uncle!" I shouted; "and are here to take you prisoner!"

Just then his groom entered, and reported. My uncle now rose, buckled on his sabre, and hastened out. I followed him. In the court stood his horses; he mounted, and flew away as on the wings of the wind.

Then suddenly, when perhaps about five minutes had elapsed, the troop of horse-artillery came thundering back at a tremendous pace, along with my uncle and the hussars. The whole swept by our windows like a thing seen in a dream. Immediately after we heard the roar of the guns. In the very middle of the Elbe sank a large vessel, and it was reported that three hundred Frenchmen had perished.

"This day we can still enjoy each other's company," said, about an hour later, Uncle George; "but tomorrow you must prepare to receive the French."

With this preparation, however, all hands in the house were already busy; for plundering was expected, and every one laboured hard to put his goods and chattels in safety. Our own abode seemed as if it had been provided on purpose with the most secret hiding-places; for it contained no less than four dark apartments, so contrived that if there was time to conceal them by means of Arras doors, no one would

readily suspect their existence. Into these apartments my parents conveyed their most valuable possessions; we children likewise deposited our trumpery there. Above all, great contentment of spirit came to my little sister when she saw that her much-loved doll, Salli, which was almost as large as life, had been placed in security. If, therefore, the plunderers came, my sister would be sure not to play the traitor.

THE RUSH BACK.

It was on the morning of the 10th May that the Russian guns sent their final farewells, in the shape of shot, to the Altstadt; and soon, anew, the whole Russian garrison of our Neustadt consisted of Uncle George and his groom. . He was again left alone. Perhaps he wished to enjoy as long as possible sweet interchange with his relatives. Meanwhile, the French launched no more bouts or vessels into the river, but they built away at the bridge very diligently. Within a short time they might be expected.

In such circumstances, events leave a strong and deep impression on the memory. My father and my uncle walked arm-in-arm in the room, discussing what was likeliest immediately to follow, while my mother sat at her desk writing. She intended to give her cousin a letter of introduction to the Dohnas, at Hermsdorf, which he had to pass. We children, however, did not leave the window, and persistently looked

out to discover whether any of the French had yet shown themselves on the bridge. But this we knew, or pretended to know, that on one of the piers of the bridge sat Napoleon, with a watch in his hand, and pressing on the carpenters to their work.

"There comes one of them!" cried my brother; and everybody rushed to the window. From the river side galloped a solitary horseman up the street, and dismounted at our door. Whether enemy, whether friend, who could know? But in a moment the door opened, and in marched a strikingly handsome man, of a truly chivalrous aspect. Like the Brunswick Hussars, he was completely clothed in black, wore a broad iron chain round his neck, and a sword by his side. I thought I saw before me a hero from the glorious days of the old German Empire; and he was received as if such a hero he had been. He was Graf Gröben, and was, as I afterwards learned, the same Count Gröben who, in the year 1809, had, along with Count Dörnberg, led the Hessian insurrection. How he had found his way to our house, and whether he had known my parents or my uncle at an earlier period, I know not. This alone I know, that some days before he had been separated from his soldiers, and that he had just swum across the Elbe. On this occasion the French had fired at him, and his horse was wounded. He himself greatly needed rest and food; and with all he required he was speedily supplied by my mother.

But while receiving refreshment, he himself refreshed all present, for his whole bearing bore the stamp of unconquerable courage, and his words were those of a God-inspired prophet who sees the chains of his people fall, and who praises God beforehand—a noble soul to whom all hearts spontaneously rushed.

When the count had finished his repast and the parting hour came, he stood for a long time before the picture of the Holy Virgin, who looked down on him with celestial calm. He felt as if he could not gaze enough at this countenance, effulgent with serenest, divinest peace. At last my father drew him away. We all descended to the court. The horses stood at the fountain,—that of the count was bleeding and seemed weary; but when it felt its rider on its back, the noble animal raised its head proudly. It bore him by the side of his companion to Hermsdorf, which was not very far distant, where the fellow-warriors were hospitably entertained, and enjoyed one sweet day wholly given to peace. We, however, felt as if the angels of God had left us.

Scarcely had our friends departed, when the “God’s Blessing” was shut as if it had been a citadel. The iron shutters of the ground-floor, as well as the folding-doors of the hall-entrance, were bolted, and the latter was moreover fortified with strong beams. The small door in the garden-wall that led into the solitary street called the Ränitzgasse, could, in case of necessity, serve

us a means of flight. It was imagined that the French must be furious on account of the enthusiastic reception the Cossacks had received.

About ten minutes after the departure of our last protectors, we saw in the distance the sparkle and the flash of the French bayonets. From our window it seemed as if a broad stream of light rolled from the bridge to the Neustadt, which in a few minutes was inundated by Frenchmen. We had fallen back under the sway of Napoleon.

Our alarms about plundering were wholly unnecessary. The French kept good order and marched on farther, just as they had come, pursuing the Russians along the Bautzen road. Other regiments, however, marched in, and the city was filled with troops. Dresden became the rendezvous and the basis for the further operations of Napoleon. As in such circumstances a speedy return of tranquil movement in the streets was not to be thought of, and as a victory of the Allies would again sever the Neustadt from the Altstadt, all further thought of the attendance of us children at the Hahn school had to be renounced. Our parents therefore took us away, and with great joy I bade farewell to this academy.

CHAPTER II.

CELEBRITIES.

OPPOSITE to the "God's Blessing" lived a family which my parents had known ever since their residence in Russia. Herr Schönberg, a native of Dresden, had made a rich marriage in Petersburg, and as a merchant he had been exceedingly prosperous in his affairs. Now he had returned to his native city to live retired and to educate his children. These were about our own age. The eldest son, Augustus, an excellent lad of a robust frame and of a frank and honourable character, was my chosen comrade. He had, like me, been born in Petersburg. We deemed ourselves, therefore, bound to each other by the fellowship of country, and we entered into loyal relations with each other. I do not remember that we ever had a quarrel. We remained friends till the age of manhood, and should have remained friends, if death had not torn him from me. His younger brother Edward was, like my own brother, a Dresden boy. He had a tender heart, and was gifted, mentally, in a superior degree. We called the

two younger brothers Saxon fellows, and they called us Petersburgers. A third brother and a sister were still very young, but they gave life to our circle in their own fashion.

In this rich house we spent very pleasant hours. It contained everything the heart could wish : rocking-horses, which had a very natural look, were covered with hairy skins and had splendid trappings ; shuttle-cocks, humming-tops, nine-pins, and billiards. And, what was quite as much to our taste as these, was the beautiful garden with shady avenues and blossoming bushes, plots under the care of the children, swings, and much space for rampaging and for walking on stilts. There was here a child's heaven, which had the further recommendation that the soft-hearted mother, who was kind almost to weakness, displayed a strong disposition to interrupt our games with a plateful of fruit, or with cakes, or with other delicacies.

Our own mother, from principle, was in the habit of giving us very few dainties, and never except at the right time ; and for this wisdom I am still grateful to her. Therefore dainties were so much the more acceptable to us in other houses, and especially in the house of the Schönbergs, who lived very well. Herr Schönberg fixed his own heart not a little on good cookery. His judgment in matters of taste was not led astray by any illusions, but took a very practical shape, and at his table were seen men who certainly had not been

invited merely to eat bread and butter—even great lords, such as the Russian Prince Putjatin. This prince had long been resident in Dresden.

Prince Putjatin was, in a high degree, a notable object for us children, for he belonged to those precious originals over whose extinction there has been so much lamentation, and with whom Dresden was at that period richly supplied. They were found in all classes of society, and there is no particular reason why we should not enliven these pages with some of the most conspicuous figures of this kind.

Who Peter Groll* was, every child knew; but only a few persons knew that he was neither called *Peter* nor *Groll*, and that he was only called Peter Groll by the children on account of his peevish, irritable temper. At an earlier period he had been a baggage-waggon conductor, but he was now living retired for unknown reasons; perhaps because he was so boorish.

Peter Groll was one of those whom Falstaff compares to forked radishes—a small man with an enormous head and short spindle shanks. He wore a pair of jackboots with spurs, an enormous cocked hat, and a sour-kROUT-coloured coat which reached to his heels. His coat-pockets, in which he always had his hands, stuck out far from his body, because they were always crammed with stones—not that he was a mineralogist, but the stones were his weapons of war. With

* *Groll* means "rancour," "grudge," "spite," and so on.—*Tr.*

the stones he armed himself on account of the children, who, like crows gathering round a barn-owl, followed him in great crowds, ceaselessly crying "Peter Groll, Peter Groll!" Suddenly he would turn round, take his hands filled with stones out of his pockets, and the grapeshot would rattle among the flying tormentors; who, however, the next moment followed him anew, crying "Peter Groll!" He therefore required a large supply of stones.

It might have been supposed that such a mode of life must have been disagreeable, but Groll seemed to be of a different feeling or opinion; for if accidentally he was left unassailed, he seemed to miss something. My brother once saw Groll put his hands in his pockets and rattle the stones there. Then he looked round, and like another Goliath shouted, "Is no one willing to come on now? Whither to-day have all the vagabonds gone?"

The Hofrath Von Zezschwitz was fond of telling how he made Peter Groll's acquaintance. Returning from a journey he had taken into Upper Lusatia, where he possessed some property, Zezschwitz one hot afternoon lay slumbering in the corner of the carriage, while the postillion allowed the horses to breathe themselves at a wood-side inn called "The Hillock." The door of the carriage was suddenly thrown open and an unknown person jumped in. Zezschwitz rubbed his eyes. He said he had not the pleasure of knowing the gentle-

man, and requested him to allow him the sole use of his own carriage. But the stranger gathered together his coat-tails on his knees, and replied: "I can tell you something, do you hear, and you can consider it well. This is a post-chaise, and I have been a conductor in the postal service. I have just the same right therefore to travel in this carriage as any one else. Do you hear?"

"Dear friend," cried Zezschwitz to the postillion who was coming forward, "perhaps you can persuade this gentleman, who calls himself a baggage-waggon conductor, to take his seat on the box."

But the postillion had already laid hold of the man to drag him out.

"You lump of carrion," screamed Peter Groll. But Peter was ignominiously discomfited, and away rolled the carriage, pursued by a shower of stones thrown by Peter. Herr Von Zezschwitz was astonished, above all, that the postillion never uttered a word during the whole affair.

I remember that on occasion of one of our journeys to Loschwitz, my brother shouted with immense delight, "Look out at once, mother! There goes Peter Groll!"

My mother, who had often heard of Peter, but had never seen him, leaned out of the carriage, then started back terrified. The moment she looked out she beheld a tongue as red as blood, and as large as

an ox's tongue, she said, stretched impudently toward her. The said tongue was thrust from the wide jaws of a cherry-coloured nutcracker kind of face. This trifling incident, spite of my mother's natural terror, was so ludicrous that she often laughed when recalling it in after-years.

Not less famous mortals were the old woman Marlise, and the bookseller Helmert. Marlise, who carried on a huckstering trade in guinea-pigs, rabbits, and canaries, in the public market, had an eternal feud with the children of the city, and especially with every street-dog which showed an invincible disposition to treat disrespectfully, and after a dog's fashion, the cages where the guinea-pigs were kept. The children made ceaseless attempts to buy without money, merely to hear the frightful scolding of the old woman, which was a great treat to them. They ran the risk of sharing in the vigorous thumps which the old woman with her long stick distributed, and which fell on the head, or on more sensitive parts still.

Helmert, on the contrary, was the great favourite of all the children. Tradition maintained that long ago he had had a regular bookselling business; that, however, from his exceeding good-nature, he was more inclined to consider the advantages of his customers than his own. Thus he had come down so low that all he possessed in my time consisted of a

heap of books, which were placed on a table, and which he sold in the New Market.

When on my way for the first time to the Halm school, I happened to pass him. I shunned him on account of his appearance. A black handkerchief was wound in the form of a turban round his small grey head, the remainder of his mummified figure was wrapped in a long robe-like dressing-gown as red as fire; so that he resembled a sorcerer who had by a miracle escaped from the stake. As frequently, however, when passing I found him in friendly intercourse with children, I gained confidence. I bought some things from him and became a witness of his charity; for often, when poor boys who looked pale and hungry wanted to purchase school-books that were a good deal worn, he made a present to them of the books.

There were others besides Helmert who did not allow prejudice or conventionality to influence them. But among them all the most remarkable, no doubt, was that Russian Prince Putjatin, whom I daily saw in the street, but who, in the house of the Schönbergs, and in intercourse with other men, was doubly interesting. The prince belonged to the most distinguished society, and he was a cultivated, gifted, and intelligent man. But he was eccentric, and his appearance was so striking, that I know not to which of the two—to him or the boys in the streets—the praise and

the honour belonged, that they did not hoot him, but went respectfully out of his way.

My Dresden contemporaries must remember sometimes meeting in rainy weather a travelling sentry-box, or a pavilion of black taffeta: that was the prince. To expose all the rest of the body and to protect the head only he would have regarded as absurd. He therefore contrived this curious thing, which, furnished with small windows for looking through, covered the whole figure down to the ankles.

In fine weather there was something of a different kind to be seen. The prince then wore a cap, broad-brimmed in a superlative degree, blue spectacles, a broad black neckcloth, in which the chin was buried, and a long coat firmly buttoned, and reaching to the feet. On the right side of his breast hung, by a silver hook, the taffeta covering aforesaid rolled up into a considerable bundle; on the left, an elegant hand-whip and a large flute or shalm. Before him marched two pugs, which seemed to be deaf, for they paid as little regard to the signals which from time to time he made on his shalm, as he did to their disrespect for his authority. He satisfied himself with announcing his desire to them, leaving it to themselves to follow it or not. Without his dogs, however, he was never seen. He loved and admired them, as indeed he did all dogs; and he often said that it was dogs who were really men, and men who were really dogs.

Furthermore, it was known only to a few that under the prince's long coat, small clothes would have been sought in vain. Putjatin called the said article of attire the foul cause of much discomfort. It seemed exceedingly probable to him, he said, that the Romans, as well as the mountaineers of Scotland, owed their well-known valour to sansculotterie; and certain considerations due to ourselves commanded us to lay breeches aside.

His highness gave the example of the doctrine he preached. Like little infants, his legs were wrapped throughout with linen bandages. This kind of toilet, which he condescended one evening at the house of the Schönbergs to show, looked like a bandaged fracture, and filled us children with terror.

In addition, the prince had a sanatory code of his own. For instance, he never ate bread in its primary state, that is to say, as it came from the baker, but always toasted; in which form he carried it with him to the houses of his friends, and even to the Court. He persuaded himself that in raw bread, as he called it, there was a terribly sharp poison, which, though this could not be chemically proved, brought on scrofulous diseases, and which could only by toasting be destroyed. Also he was heard to declare that the cause of many diseases of this kind was, that by wearing apparel, or by bedclothes, the skin was continually withdrawn from the operation of the air.

Now, though unfortunately it was not possible to go completely naked, like the Caffres, nevertheless he warmly urged Herr Schönberg to take air-baths regularly. That his highness used these air-baths himself was well known. In his reception-room he had got constructed for himself a kind of *entresol* or between-decks, in which *in puris naturalibus* he moved about; but in which he was invisible to his guests, whom he received in the apartment below, and conversed with in an animated manner. In this way he thought the lost time of visits could be turned to the best purpose.

From all which precedes, it may easily be seen that the prince was not deficient in ideas—rather, on the contrary, he overflowed with inventiveness. When he went in the winter to the Court, steam was seen rising from the carriage, which he had heated by some apparatus. In summer weather he appeared in a light open carriage; and as Richard III. had a bishop on each side, so the prince had a pair of bellows on each side. By the movement of the carriage-wheels the bellows were brought into action, and distributed freshness so liberally and energetically that the prince was obliged to hold his hat on. The best of all his inventions, however, the prince proclaimed to be a certain machine for sawing sugar, which one evening he showed at work in the house of the Schönbergs.

We children were summoned to be present, and with becoming modesty admired the new machine. On the table stood a small sawing-jack of box-wood, and consisting of a lower and an upper prong. Into this machine was inserted horizontally a sugar-loaf, which two servants in livery by means of a common saw cut into slices an inch thick. They were not, however, allowed to saw in the same way as if they had been sawing wood; but the operation had to be done rhythmically, and the musical time I cannot otherwise designate than as three crotchet notes and a crotchet rest. Everything depended, the prince said, on this rhythm. Finally, by the help of the same rhythmical process, the slices of sugar were with knife and hammer broken into cubes of one equal size.

Augustus asked me in a whisper what was the gain from all this trouble. I knew not, and could not tell him.

MOVEMENT OF THE MIND AND THE FEET.

After these digressions, I return again to the Schönberg house, and to the share it had in the development of my individuality. At the time when we left the Halm school the Schönbergs had made to my parents the friendly and neighbourly offer to let us children share in the instruction given at home to their own

children. This proposal was thankfully accepted. The arrangement was to me in the highest degree acceptable; for the tutor, Herr Magister Schulz,* had already gained my heart by his kind manner and sweet disposition. I grew fond of him, and learned therefore all the better under him.

Now for the first time I found pleasure in Latin, and I even made the discovery that the lessons in arithmetic could be tolerated. We did sums for gingerbread nuts, and he who did a sum first put the nuts in his pocket. Greatly, moreover, mathematical geography interested me; greatly was I delighted to know how, held by an invisible thread, the earth rolled round the sun—how night and day arose, and the different seasons of the year. Also in logic we made a beginning for the regulation of our ideas. History and natural history were pleasant rambles through the marvels of God in the human mind and in nature.

Above all, the lessons in religion attracted me—the first of the kind I had received in my life; and perhaps I found them impressive because they did not resemble regular instruction, but were rather edifying utterances, which put the pupil into a wholly passive attitude. The teacher worked exclusively on the feelings without burdening the memory or requiring anything to be written. For that purpose

* A *Magister* is a Master of Arts.—*Tr.*

he read to us portions from the gospels, and discoursed thereon often so touchingly, that I remember we all of us—not merely we, the children, but the Herr Magister himself, with his strongly-lined, pock-marked face—melted into tears of deepest emotion.

Schulz was a Rationalist. He could not, therefore, give us anything positive, and left us in truth ignorant of all the essential elements of the Christian faith. What, however, he himself had he gave us. He warmed our hearts to feel the beauty of Christ's goodness, and tried to urge us on to imitation. The emotional homilies of Schulz sank so deeply into me as to make me a ruminating animal. What I had retained of his words I, from a mere impulse of my own, wrote down when I got home, once more thus seeking edification from them.

With these lessons of exalted consecration contrasted others in which not so much the movement of the mind as the movement of the feet was concerned. The Schönberg children were, it was found meet, to be instructed in dancing, and we were to share in the instruction. For that purpose we were brought twice a week into the presence of a man called Fededoff, who had once been a Russian serf, who had escaped from his thralldom, and who now flourished in Dresden as a teacher of dancing. He taught us how to point our toes and raise our heels and turn out our feet properly.

I frankly confess that this amusement had at first a dubious or distressing aspect to me—less on account of the restraint it brought than on account of the four little girls belonging to the Schönberg clan, who in white gloves and elegant attire were accustomed to take part in it. Not that the little maidens were very terrible, for my friend Augustus conversed with them in a free and familiar fashion ; but, alas ! I could not imitate him. The tiny creatures in their showy raiment seemed at a great distance from me ; they made me feel awkward, and I thought I must appear a ridiculous simpleton in their eyes.

Yet strangely enough it was the little maidens, or rather one of them, who made me fond of the dancing-lessons. This little witch was called after her aunt Schönberg, Catharina, but was also spoken of or spoken to as Kathinka or Käthchen, just as it happened. She was a very comely child. I was first struck with the grace of her movements, then with the sweetness of her look, which might be compared to the bloom of the wood-sorrel. The more I saw her the better she pleased me—she stole ever deeper and deeper into my heart, and I had soon a glance for her alone. Yet I did not dare to approach her ; yea, so elevated did she appear in her grace, that when at last we passed from the first exercises—the bows, the courtesies, the separately-studied steps—to dancing proper, courage to invite her failed me.

Verily, if girls were not more aggressive than boys, I think it would be impossible for a couple ever to stand up to dance. It was Käthchen herself that began—it was she that with the greatest cordiality proposed to me the first dance one morning. All now went well. The dancing-master shouted applaudingly, and Käthchen whispered to me that she was very fond of me, and that I must soon invite her again. The mere sight of her hat and veil as they lay in the ante-room had much moved me. And now I held the little girl, hand joined in hand, flew with her through the room, and she did not take it amiss when I assured her that I liked best to dance with *her*.

There were no further declarations between her and me; and they would have been useless, for they could only have been repetitions of the first. But from that time forth, Catharina was my empress. I lived for her service, I saw everything with her eyes, and when I passed the house where she lived, it was cap in hand, though I knew that her rooms looked into the garden.

The Hofrath Zezschnitz had a true angel in the shape of a little daughter, called Salli, after whom was the doll named my sister had saved from the French. At her tender age—for she was only about three years old—she was not an object of special reverence for us boys. Now it came to pass that this dear and fatherly friend one evening, when in a joyous humour, embraced us together, and assured us that one of us must be his

son-in-law; that he had mentioned the matter to the fräulein, and that she had given her consent. My father gave his approval to the arrangement at once, and said that I, as the elder, must first decide.

In great excitement I pulled my brother into a neighbouring room where there was no light, and while I set before him the advantages of this matrimonial alliance, I passionately entreated him to be the wooer.

The little fellow replied that I was the elder brother, and that it was for me to begin. I declared that I was quite ready to make the beginning, but not with Salli, for whom I should have a long time to wait. Then making him swear by everything that was holy to keep silence, I, favoured by the darkness, confessed to my brother that I loved another, and that that other was Käthchen.

For a while he was silent, and then he said drily, "I love her too."

This was terrible!

"My dear fellow," I said, "I have always tried to please and oblige you. Now, do you be kind enough to oblige *me*, and take Salli; then you can do what you like—you can play with my things, and make use of my box of paints."

My noble brother gave me his hand, and said firmly, "I am willing to marry Salli."

CHAPTER III.

DISTRESSES AND TERRORS.

ON a dark ground the most beautiful colours often appear ; and evil times can serve as foil to the small joys which they still allow to remain. My dear Dresden in the spring of 1813 was not a very fit place for play and dance, and the times were so awful, that I am at a loss now to understand how we children could, without peril or hurt, run across the street to see each other.

The murderous battle of Bautzen had been fought. The reaper Death had hidden a rich harvest in the bosom of the earth. Twenty thousand more or less mutilated human beings were shut up in the Dresden hospitals, and many hundreds of vehicles, filled with the woeful forms of wounded men, passed our windows daily. Our city resembled an immense infirmary ; and from the places which were fitted up as hospitals, and some of which had been private houses, came the shriek of the poor victims, who anew were bleeding, but this time under the knife of the surgeons. Even we children were sometimes the unwilling witnesses of such

scenes, which, for a long time after, thickened with horrors my dreams. The populace, however, which can never have its fill of what is frightful, spread fabulous rumours about whole loads of unhealable sick folks, who, by way of riddance, were thrown at night into the river. The French were mortally hated; the worst was ascribed to them, the worst was believed about them. Truly, these were not times when wooing could be thought of.

Not alone the sick; the healthy also devoured the marrow of the city. The houses were so much converted into military quarters that, at times, "The God's Blessing" alone had five hundred military occupants, and we found ourselves reduced to a few back rooms. In the streets there was the heaving of an unceasing war-like commotion. Continually, young soldiers arriving from the West were exercised. Evermore adjutants, couriers, orderlies, were rushing hither and thither. Trains of artillery rushed by: poor peasants, who had to furnish artillery or waggon-horses, flogged the weary brutes, and were themselves flogged in their turn by commissaires and the military police. Murder and manslaughter, also, were not wanting.

One evening, just when we were going to bed, rose from the distant Ränitzgasse beyond our garden the terrible and piercing cry, "Lord Jesus Christ!" This exclamation, spite of the remoteness, was distinctly heard by us. It thrilled through my whole frame, and,

at the same moment, my father sprang up and said, "There a man has been killed."

We learned next morning that two French soldiers had seized a maiden. She shrieked for help. A Saxon dragoon who was going along wanted to succour her: with cleft skull he fell down while uttering the cry we had heard.

Such disorders sometimes frightened the population; though, on the other hand, justice must be done to the French authorities for their efforts in favour of public security. They manifested good intentions, and did what they could; but the concourse and commingling of troops in the comparatively small city was so considerable, and the newest French army was composed so almost exclusively of ruffians and vagabonds, that the task of the authorities was not easy. An iron discipline, such as the Russians maintained, could not be enforced in the French battalions of the period.

To such distresses and troubles was added dearth, in its most alarming form. The most indispensable necessities of life were scarcely to be had for money, and the calamity assumed such awful dimensions that the magistrate had to take on himself, as one of his duties, the sale of bread. At that time my father had to go every day to the Town Hall to obtain what, after the strictest apportionment of the whole bread, was his share, and it was a strange sight to behold the excellent man returning home with a loaf under each arm. A

bag of peas or a pound of rice was a notable present, which wealthy families made to each other.

I remember the joy we children had when, on the 11th of May, the birthday of my brother, my excellent mother had succeeded, by money and good words, in purchasing the whole stock of a neighbouring confectioner, which consisted of three bread-tarts, at a *sechser** a-piece. Then she shut us up in a room to prevent the French who might be lounging about from smelling our dainties. We, however, felt as if we were at a king's table. Our little sister put her head on one side, and, with half-closed eyes, devoured her portion bit by bit. My brother divided his tart into four parts, and between each part, before swallowing it, he counted fifty; but I swallowed mine at once, without pondering or pause.

This scarcity of the necessities of life was not much lessened by the ten weeks of the armistice, which began in the middle of June. The great mass of the grown people had anxiety and trouble more than bread for food. The whole surrounding region was laid waste and eaten up. Even if there had been no other troops, 30,000 soldiers of the Guard had to be fed by the city;—and that prosperity which most of the house-owners had inherited, as well as possessed, completely vanished. No doubt the magnificence of the imperial court and camp brought much money into circulation, but no

* A small German coin of varying value.—*Tr.*

bread—and even the money went into the pockets of foreign speculators. The distinguished guests and the many splendid persons and things,—for instance, the most accomplished of the Parisian actors,—helped to divert, but did not help to feed.

A CHILD-MURDER AND ITS RESULTS.

Less disastrously than these living actors worked, as far as the consumption of victuals was concerned, a large puppet-show, which had likewise come from Paris. Nothing more perfect had ever been seen, and all who had leisure went to the puppet-show to be amused. One evening Father Volkmann, who had arrived from Leipsic, enabled us children to be spectators.

We had never yet seen a theatre. But though we did not well know what was to take place, we yet expected something very marvellous indeed, judging by what Volkmann had paid at the door. The splendidly decorated place of entertainment, the chandelier, the numerous audience, the beautifully painted curtain, which we took for a wall, were in themselves already sources of supreme pleasure. I regarded the combination of all these things as the amusement we had come to see, and sat in the most comfortable state of mind possible. At the beginning of the overture my brother and I looked at each other with eyes full of signifi-

cance. We thought that a theatrical performance was delightful.

But who can describe our surprise when a bell rang, and that which we had deemed a wall rolled up before our gaze, and permitted to the eye to seize, with a sweeping glance, the most splendid palaces. We saw by turns Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and it was the Massacre of the Innocents at Bethlehem which the piece represented. The unnaturalness and stiffness in the movements of the puppets did not strike me as singular. On the contrary, I had come to the conclusion that this dignity and this simplicity of manners had really prevailed 2,000 years ago. And it cannot be denied that the popular poetry which blends with puppet-shows is, by means of its terrible earnestness, and its lack of playful reflectiveness, brought near to the grandeur of the old heroic song. How magnificent was the dark-red King Herod! How crushing his wrath when he rose from the throne and played at catch-ball with his *reichsapfel*! * And how sad was the spectacle, when the much-to-be-pitied mothers, attired and veiled in deep mourning, brought their children to the place of execution! They formed a long procession, which the orchestra accompanied with a soft, pathetic music. Without ceasing and without end they marched on,

* The imperial globe or ball with a cross on it—the symbol of imperial power.—*Tr.*

while behind the scene one heard the most horrible massacre going on.

On getting home I thought I could not be in too great haste to repeat what I had seen. A theatre was constructed,—pasteboard and pasting, and painting, were largely in request. On note paper I painted King Herod and the others, so far as my memory served me, and cut them neatly out. Then the child-murder was properly performed. My brother and sister formed alike the public and the orchestra. My brother made his mouth into a shrill trumpet, and by thumping his own body vigorously he tried to represent the kettle-drums. Also our little sister turned, in her own fashion, musician, till I rang and the performance began.

However, we were soon tired of the simple subject. I gave myself up to my own ideas, and now the thing began to wear its true charm for me. I became a famous puppet-showman among my companions, and even Margrethe did not fail to look on, and to cry applaudingly, “*Assez bien*,” and “*Fort joli*.” And as I had everything to do myself, and knew how to do it,—to invent the drama, to paint, and to perform,—I unquestionably derived some advantage from these amusements.

MY FATHER IS NOT DISPOSED TO BE SHUT UP AND
SHUT IN.

The month of July had come to an end, and with it the hopes of peace which the negotiations at Teplitz,

Prague, and Dresden had encouraged; and a fresh outbreak of hostilities seemed inevitable. It appeared not improbable that the Allies, strengthened by the adhesion of Austria and Sweden, would proceed to attack the foe in his basis of operation. And my father, who was determined not to expose his family to the horrors of a possible siege, resolved to leave Dresden in good time with his household. A letter from Anhalt furnished the direction.

On occasion of my Hartz journey I have spoken of Ballenstedt, a town pleasantly situated at the foot of the mountain. Here dwelt a pupil of my father's, and a very worthy friend of our house, the gifted Caroline Bardua, who also became known in wider circles. For the purpose of studying she had remained a long time at Dresden, and in the house of my father, where she enjoyed the highest esteem. Even my mother, who had little sympathy for women of genius, made her an exception. In truth, Caroline was one of those persons who cannot be put into any special class—she could not be measured by a conventional standard. She was eminently individual, eminently complete, and was respected accordingly. Good-natured, lively, fearless, full of ideas, full of enthusiasm toward both men and things, she was, in her intercourse with others, not much the slave of traditional forms of action and modes of speech; but there was nothing offensive in this freedom, because the genial freshness

and highly estimable solidity of her character softened or atoned for every tendency to excess. For art Caroline Bardua had a decided vocation. In persistency, diligence, and imaginative originality, she surpassed her sex, and she was certainly superior to all the female pupils of my father's, who therefore took the greatest interest in her, and rejoiced in her success as long as he lived.

The thankful pupil, anxious about her master and his family, and now commissioned by her parents, invited us to go to Ballenstedt, where the beautifully situated Bardua House was spacious enough for all. And indeed that charming city, situated close to the mountains, was the very place for persons weary of the war, for a hostile bayonet had not yet penetrated to it. Remote from the world, and distant from high-roads, the Bernburg Higher Duchy resembled an island whose happy shores the stormy ocean cannot sweep over. The duke, indeed, as a prince belonging to the Confederation of the Rhine, had sent his contingent. His troops had fought in Tyrol and in Spain, and his treasury could not help feeling the war. But on the whole the land had enjoyed all the blessings of peace, and, spite of the higher taxes, increased in prosperity, forasmuch as its rich harvests could be advantageously disposed of.

In these circumstances my parents soon came to a resolution, and made the necessary preparations for the journey. First of all Margrethe, who had to remain behind, and for whom no room could have been found

in the carriage, had to be provided for. She was placed under the care of the Schönbergs, who like us were about to leave Dresden, to settle eventually, and for the first time, on the Bloss. Such was the name of a charming vineyard, with magnificent habitations and beautiful gardens, which Herr Schönberg possessed in the Meissen region. He had thought fit to rebaptise this estate, after the name of his wife, into "Catharinenhof;" but no one countenanced the improvement—not even his own children—so the old and proper name triumphed.

Provision was thus made for Margrethe. The packing proceeded, and the "Black Aunt" and other friends who came to take leave were kissed and dismissed. During this disquiet, connected with breaking up, my father found me diligently drawing. I was copying from an almanack laboriously, with sepia-points, the figure of a little maiden, who, sitting beside a waterfall, turns forget-me-nots into a garland.

"For whom is that intended?" asked my father.

"Oh!" said I drawlingly, "Käthchen pestered me to give her a keepsake."

"Well, then, do something that is worth giving," replied my father; took the brush from me, and gave the finishing touches to my rough sketch. The drawing succeeded far beyond my power, and Augustus undertook to place it in the hands of the person for whom it was intended.

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It was in the middle of August, of the year 1813, that we began our journey in the hired carriage of the hackney-coach proprietor Hempel. The travelling-party consisted of the family and of a maid of my mother's, who sat beside the coachman on the box. I do not remember the incidents of the departure. But my parents might well thank God when they had left behind the city, which was rushing at that hour toward its heaviest trials,—the battle of Dresden and the subsequent siege.

But far from cities, war's alarms and the traces of desolation were not wanting. We drove at first through ruined villages, and gazing at the scene of a conflagration my mother shuddered. She seemed, however, not to be fortunate in her glances at the things we passed, for immediately she started back with the cry,—“May God help us, there come the Turks!”

And, verily, we saw ourselves in a few moments surrounded by dense masses of Turkish cavalry. However, my father explained to us that these were merely disguised Frenchmen. What we had before us was the famous corps of Mamelukes which Napoleon, in memory of his campaign in Egypt, allowed to work havoc along with his other troops in Christian lands. In the presence of real Turks my mother would probably have been more afraid, but the sight of them would have shocked her less than that of Christians who, armed and attired as Turks, went forth to slay Christians; and who had to

be prepared every moment to die in their harlequin dress.

Having to make our way through the hosts of these Mamelukes, we could only proceed for some hours very slowly. Some of the Mamelukes were drunk, began to quarrel with the coachman, shouted, cursed, thrust, in gasconading fashion, their swords through the windows of the carriage, annoyed the maid on the box, till at last my father changed places with her. Thus, as far as Leipsic, the journey was very toilsome and troublesome, for we were continually meeting masses of troops on their march to Dresden. All the inns were crowded with officers, and our night-quarters in Oschatz were horrible.

As a compensation, it was my lot to embrace, on the second evening, my friends in Leipsic,—my old teacher Senff, and my companion Alfred. We remained a whole day with the Volkmanns, and no doubt I saw much that was new; but it was only the disagreeable or unimportant things that left a trace. For instance, Alfred called my attention to a gentleman who was sitting opposite to us at an open window, and smoking tobacco. The man had a very fair exterior, had black hair and black eyes, and a finely cut aquiline nose. He wore a dark blue coat.

Alfred warned me not to laugh if he informed me that the man was a French spy. A spy I had never

seen, and merely knew that people were in the habit of hanging spies. In imagination, therefore, I saw this man in the blue coat hanging on the gallows, and wished heartily that he might obtain this elevation.

END OF VOL. I.



